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Robert Mellor his booke 1705

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OVID'S HEROICALL EPISTLES.

Englished by W. S.

*Veniam pro laude peto.
——nunc mitibus
Mutare quero Tristia.*



LONDON,

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TO THE VERTUOUS
LADIES,
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
ENGLAND.

YOur beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and shaddowes of the beautie of your vertuous minde, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that *Ovid's* Heroicall Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a

The Epistle.

tle acceptance, sutable to your Heroicall dispositions, for Curtesie & Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But those who clayme this Title, and are degraded of it by their owne vicious qualities, *Ovid* disclaimes them. Vertue is an invisible gift, w^{ch} is not discerned by the outward habit, but by speech and action, and a certain delectation in vertue, as Modestie, Temperance, and especially Curtesie; to which *Ovid* doth appeal. For when *Rome* knew him famous, he was esteemed of Love and Ladies, so that he was faine to shadow the ambitious love of the Emperours daughter towards him under the vaile of *Coryna*, but the Emperour saw through it, and banished him. Besides these

The Epistle.

these Epistles, in regard of their subject have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaint of Ladies & Gentlewomen for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, & adjoyning to the book, presenting the severall Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the worke, and the Author *Ovid*, now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this booke of *Ovids*, which most Gentlemen could read before in Latine, is for your sakes come forth in English, it doth at first addresse it selfe a Suiter, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kisse your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead letters form'd into words by your divided lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words marryed in that Ruby-coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be,

A Servant with you to the *Lady* Vertue.

Wye Saltonstall.

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TO THE VERTUOUS
LADIES,
AND
GENTLEWOMEN
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

OF all the Poets, that in verse did reign
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovids
Especially in the affaires of Love, (strain,
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove:
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet,
That love did wish no other winding sheet,
If he had mortall been, for he would dye
To live again in his sweet Poesie.
When he intended to enflame the mind,
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in these Epistles, where Ladies lemoane
Themselves, when their unkind loves were gon;
He doth so mournfully expresse their passion,
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,
That

The Epistle.

*That reading them grieve will not let you speak,
Untill imprison'd teares from your eyes break;
Such passions in his Letters do appeare,
That every word will make you drop a teare.
But you faire Gentlewomen of this Isle,
He would have you to glance one gentle smile
On his Epistles, stil'd Heroicall,
Because by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the Harts pleasant tamer,
Whose motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor;
For he can with his lighted Torch enflame
Assoon the Lord and Lady, as the swaine.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
If other sorrowes may your pity move,
If you the complaints of faire Ladies tender,
Which English doth for your contentment render
Vnto your view, let these Epistles here,
Enjoy your beauteous favour, shining cleare
On Ovid, belov'd by th' Emperours daughter,
For which by Cæsar he was banisht after;
Yet this his comfort was in Banishment,
His Love, and Lines, did yeeld your sex content.
Let English Gentlewomen as kind appeare
To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.*

So wilheth, Wye Saltonstall.

THE INDEX.

A

A Bydos a City in Asia, Ep. 17.
 Achelous a river of Etolia. 9.
 Achilles son of Peleus and Thetis, Ep. 3.
 Acontius, signifies an Arrow, Epist. 19. 20.
 Aëteon beheld Diana bathing herself, and was transformed into a Stag, Ep. 20.
 Ætna, a burning Mountaine, Ep. 21.
 Adonis the son of Cinyras, Ep. 4.
 Ægyptus brother to Belus, E. 14.
 Æneas son to Anchises and Venus, E. 7.
 Æolus King of the winds, E. 10.
 Æthra, Ep. 16.
 Agamemnon Prince of the Grecians. Ep. 3.
 Ajax, Ep. 3.
 Alcions, Sea Birds, Ep. 17.
 Alcesto, one of the Furies, Ep. 2.
 Androgeus, Minos son. Ep. 10.
 Andromache Hector's wife. Ep. 5.
 Antilochus, Ep. 1.
 Apollo god of Poetry, Physick, and Musick, Ep. 5. 6.
 Ariadne, Ep. 10.
 Ariadnes Crowne a Constellation, Ep. 12.

Ascanius son to Æneas, Ep. 7.
 Athens a famous Vniversity, Ep. 2.
 Atlas, a Mountain, Ep. 10.
 Atreus son to Pelops, Ep. 10.
 Aurora, or the morning, Ep. 4.

B

Briseis a Captive Virgin taken by Achilles, Ep. 3.

C

Cacus a Giant Ep. 9.
 Canace Sister to Macareus, Ep. 11.
 Carthage, a City of Libya, E. 7.
 Cassandra, a Prophetesse who foretold the destruction of Troy, Ep. 15.
 Cephalus signifies the head, E. 4.
 Cerberus, Porter of hell, E. 9. 10.
 Ceres, Goddesse of Corne and Plenty. Ep. 2.
 Carybdia, a rocky gulfe, Ep. 12.
 Colchos where the golden Fleece was kept, Ep. 6.
 Corinth, a City, Ep. 12.
 Cymene, waiting Maid to Helena, Ep. 16.

Crete

The Index.

Crete, an Iland, Ep. 15.
Cynthia, or the Moon, Ep. 17

D

D*edalus* who made himselfe,
 and his son *Icarus* wing
 to flye withall, Ep. 17
Daphne turned into a Lawrell
 tree, Epist. 21.

Deianira, Daughter to *Oeneas*
 King of *Caledon*, Ep. 9.

Deiphobus, or fearing the gods,
 Epist. 5.

Delos an Iland, it signifies ma-
 nifest or cleere, from *δῆλος*
 or *δηλός*.

Deucalion, who with his Wife
Pyrrha survived after the
 generall Deluge, Ep. 2.

Demophoon, signifies a light to
 the people by his exemplary
 Vertues, Epist. 2.

Diana called *Lucina*, Ep. 19.

Dido, signifies to feare, Ep. 7.

Dolon, Epist. 1.

E

E*Lisa*, or *Dido*, Epist. 7.

Elysian, *Elysium* was a faine
 place of joy for the dead, E. 3.

Endymion was beloved of the
 Moon, Ep. 17.

Eurystheus King of the *Myceni-
 ans*, Ep. 9.

Erinnyes, a *Furie*,

Europa, signifies faire-faced,
 from whom the chiefeest part
 of the world is called *Europe*
 Ep. 4.

H

H*æmus*, a Mountaine of
Thrace, Ep. 2.

Hector, the valiantest of all the
Trojans, Ep. 1.

Helena, wife to *Menelaus*, Ep. 5.

*Helle*spont, or the Sea wherein

Helle was drowned, E. 8. 7.

Hercules begot by *Jupiter* in
 three nights on *Alcmena* in
 the shape of *Amphitryon*, Ep. 9.

Hermione, Epist. 8.

Hydra, a monster whose fruitfull
 heads would grow as they
 were lopped off, Ep. 9.

Hero or a Noble Heroicall Lady
 Ep. 17.

Hymen the god of mariage, E. 2.

Hypermanestha, Wife to *Linus*,
 Ep. 14.

Hippolytus was torne in peeces
 by his horses, Ep. 7.

Hypsipyle Queene of *Lemnos*,
 Ep. 6.

Jason

The Index.

I

Iason son to Eson, Ep. 6.
Icarus Penelopes father,
Icarus 17.
Idean, or *Trojan*, Ep. 9.
Iole Hercules his Mistresse, E. 9.
Isthmus, a neck of Land joyn-
 ing two Continents toge-
 ther, having the Sea beating
 on both sides, Ep. 4.
Juno, *Jupiters* Queen, Ep. 5.

L

Lacedemon, a City in Greece,
 Ep. 15.
Laertes, Ep. 1.
Laodamia, Ep. 13.
Leander signifies a Lion-bear-
 ted man, Ep. 17.
Linus, husband to *Hypermnestra*,
 Ep. 14.
Lucina, the goddesse of Child-
 birth, Ep. 5.

M

Macareus brother to *Canace*
 Ep. 11.
Meander, a crooked winding
 River, Ep. 7.
Medea a forcereffe beloved by
Jason, Ep. 12.

Menelaus signifies the envie or
 scorner of the people, he was
Helenas husband, Ep. 5.
Minotaure, a monster which by
Dædalus Art *Pasiphae* had
 by a Bull, while *Minos* was
 at the *Athenian* wars, hence
 it was called a *Minotaure*,
 Ep. 12.

N

Nectar, the drinke of the
 Gods, Ep. 15.
Neptune, the god of the Sea,
 Ep. 2.
Nereides, Sea Nymphs, Ep. 5.
Nestor lived 3. ages, Ep. 1.
Nilus a River of Egypt, Ep. 14.

O

Oechalia, a City, Ep. 9.
Oenone, a Nymph, Ep. 5.
Orestes son to *Agamemnon*, and
Clytemnestra, Ep. 8.
Orithya, beloved of *Boreas*,
 Ep. 17.

P

Pallas, the goddesse of wise-
 dome, Ep. 4.
Paris, son to *Priam* and *He-
 cuba*, Ep. 5. 15.
Parnassus, the *Muses* Moun-
 tain, Ep. 19. *Pasi-*

The Index.

Pasiphae, a lustfull wanton woman. Ep. 4.

Patroclus, signifies the honour of his Father, he was son to *Menatius*, and having put on *Achilles* Armour, was slaine in fight by *Hector* Ep. 3.

Penelope, *Vlysses* Wife, Ep. 1.

Pirithous, a faithfull friend to *Theseus*, Ep. 4.

Phædra sister to *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos*, Ep. 4.

Phyllis, from φύλλα leaves, or from *Phylla* signifying in Greek an Almond tree, E. 2.

Phaon, a faire young man. E. 21.

Pyrrha, *Deucalions* wife, Ep. 21.

Polyphemus, Ep. 1. *Sab.* a Giant *Pygmalion* brother to *Dido*, E. 7.

Protesilaus, signifies the chiefe among the people; he landing first on the *Trojans* ground, was slaine by *Hector* Ep. 10.

Pylos, a City in *Messenia* where *Nelus Nestors* Father raigned, Ep. 1.

Pyrrhus the sonne of *Achilles*, Ep. 3. 8.

R

Rhodope, a Mountaine of *Thrace*, Ep. 2.

S

Sappho a wanton witty woman Ep. 27.

Scylla, a rocky gulfe, 12 Ep.

Sestos, a City in *Europe*, Ep. 17.

Simoeis, a *Trojan* River, E. 1. 7.

Sparta a city of *Greece*, E. 15.

Sycheus, *Hercules* Priest, and *Dido's* husband, Ep. 7.

T

Tantalus, who stood in Hell to the chin in water, yet could not drinke, Ep. 15.

Telemachus, *Vlysses* son, Ep. 1.

Theseus, son of *Ægeus*, Ep. 2.

Thetis, Queen of the Sea, E. 19.

Tisiphone, one of the *Furies*, Epist. 2.

Tlepolemus, Ep. 1.

Tybris, a River of *Italy*.

Tyresias a Prophet, who told *Juno* that feminine pleasure exceeded masculine in acts of *Venus*, Ep. 1. *Sab.*

V

Vlysses, a valiant *Græcian*, Epist. 17.

Z

Zone, or girdle, because the Brides girdle was untied by the Bridegroom, on her wedding night, Ep. 2.



Carmen instar mille

blande laudantium

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici :

Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author opus.

This Author needs not owe any friend

for Verses in his praise :

The Author doth his worke commend,

And his worke gives him Bayes.



OVID'S EPISTLES.

LIB. I.



The Argument of the first Epistle.

WHEN the Grecians went with a great Army to Troy, to revenge
the rape of *Helena*, *Vlysses* the sonne of *Laertes* and *Anticles*, took
such delight in his young wife *Penelope*, that he counterfeited him-
selfe

Ovid's Epistles.

f
1
 elfe mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himselfe from the wars. But *Palamedes* discovering his purpose, he was compelled to goe with the rest in the *Trojan* voyage. Where he fought many brave Combats, and after the destruction of *Troy*, which had been ten yeares besieged, intending to returne to his owne Countrey, he tooke Ship with other *Grecian* Princes, but though *Minerva's* displeasure they were scattered and divided by such a violent Tempest, that *Vlysses* wandred ten yeares more before he returned. So that his Wife *Penelope*, having lived chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hindered his comming home, writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him by many reasons to returne to his owne Countrey.

PENELOPE to VLYSSES.

M
2
 Y deare *Vlysses*, thy *Penelope*
 Doth send this Letter to complaine of thee,
 Who dost so long from me unkindly stay:
 Write nothing backe, but come thy self away.
 For *Troy* now levell with the ground is laid,
 Which was envy'd by every *Grecian* maid;
 Yet neither *Troy*, nor *Priams* wealth could be
 Worth halfe so much as thy good company.
 O! I could wish that *Paris* had been drown'd,
 When his Shippe was to *Lacedemon* bound.
 Then had not I lain could in bed alone,
 Not yet complain'd that time runnes slowly on;
 Nor yet to passe away the Winters night
 Had I sat spinning then by candle light,
 Fore-casting in what dangers thou mightst be,
 And such as were not like to trouble thee,
 Thinking on perils more than ever were,
 For love is alwaies full of carefull feare.
 The *Trojans* now, thought I, doe thee assaile.
 At *Hectors* name my cheekes with feare grew pale;
 And when I heard *Antilochus* was slain
 By *Hector*, then my feares renew'd again.

And

And hearing how that brave *Patroclus* clad
 In *Achilles* Armour such ill fortune had,
 That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise,
 The sad report drew teares out of mine eyes.
 Or when I of *Tlepolemus* did heare,
 Who with his bloud bedew'd *Sarpidons* speare,
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
 And I began straightway to thinke of you.
 And lastly if I heard abroad by fame,
 That any of the Grecian side were slaine,
 My heart for feare of thee was farre more cold
 Than any Ice, when such bad newes was told.
 But the just Gods to us more kind doe prove,
 And more indulgent to our chaster love.
 For stately *Troy* is unto ashes burn'd,
 But my *Vlysses* lives though not return'd.
 The Grecian Captaines are come home againe,
 The Altars doe with joyfull Incense flame;
 And all the Barbarous spoyles which they did take,
 Unto our Countrey gods they consecrate.
 The love of wives is to their husbands showne
 By gifts which for their safe returning home,
 Unto the Gods with gratefull minds they bring,
 While their husbands longs of *Troy's* destruction sing,
 Old men, and trembling mayds doe both desire,
 To heare the Tale of *Troy*, which they admire,
 And wives do hearken with a kind of joy
 To their husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*.
 And some now do upon their Table draw
 The Picture of those fierce wars which they saw:
 And with a little wine before pour'd downe,
 Can lively paint the modell of *Troy* Towne.
 Here *Simois* floud, here's the *Sigeon* land,
 And here did *Priams* lofty Palace stand.

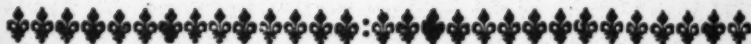
Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering tents,
 And here *Vlysses* kept his regiments.
 Here in this place did valiant *Hector* fall,
 Whose body was dragg'd round about the wall
 Of *Troy*, to shew the enemies despite:
 Putting the foaming Horses in a fright.
 For whatsoever in those warres was done,
 Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy sonne,
 Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
 And he did bring home all this newes to mee:
 Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
 And *Rhesus* by thy sword at once were slaine.
 While the one of them in his dead sleepe was kill'd,
 And the others bloud by treachery was spill'd:
 And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
 By night didst let upon the *Thracian* Tents.
 Slaying so many men; how couldst thou bee
 So adventurous if thou hadst remembred mee;
 And of thy other victories I did heare,
 My heart did burne within my breast for feare,
 But what although thy valour did confound
Troy; and did raze the walls unto the ground?
 Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
 A Widow wanting thy sweet company?
 That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
 Others rejoyce that it is overthrowne.
 Whose fruitfull fields the conquering Grecians now
 Doe with the *Trojan* Oxen daily plough.
 For now ripe corne doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
 And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* bloud.
 The crooked plough doth graze as it goes by
 Upon mens bones, which there halfe buried lye;
 So that they plough up bones as well as land,
 And grasse doth grow where houses once did stand.

Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
 Nor doe I know what moveth thee to stay,
 Nor can by any meanes learne in what part
 Of all the world (thou most unkindest) art.
 If any ship unto our shore doth come,
 Then to enquire of thee I straight doe runne:
 And to the Ship-master a Letter give
 To deliver unto thee if thou dost live:
 Charging if that it be his chance to see
Vlysses, he should give it unto thee.
 I sent to *Pylos*, where *Nestor* did raigne,
 But I from *Pylos* heard no newes againe.
 I sent unto the *Spartanes*, who could tell
 No tidings of thee, or where thou didst dwell.
 O would that *Troy* were standing now again,
 For whose destruction I did pray in vain!
 If thou wert at the warres, I should know where
 Thou wert, and of thy safety stand in feare.
 And other women might with me complaine,
 Because their Husbands came not home againe.
 To grieved minds this may some comfort be,
 To have companions in adversity.
 I know not what to feare, yet all things feare;
 My cares and sorowes never greater were.
 Thinking what dangers by Sea and land may
 Enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.
 While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee,
 Perhaps thou in requitall dost abuse me.
 For I doe feare thy fancy loves to rove,
 And that thou hast some Sweet-hart thou dost love
 In foraine Countries; nay, and it may be
 That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,
 Telling her that thy Wife's a countrey Ioane,
 That knoweth only how to spinne at home.

But of my hard belief I doe repent,
 I hope thou are not willingly absent,
 My Father *Icarus* would nor have me stay
 A widow still; but chideth my delay.
 But let him chide, *Penelope* will be
 A constant Wife, *Vlysses*, unto thee.
 But though I doe by faire entreaty still
 Prevaile so much that I doe change his will,
 Or alter it, so that he's not inclin'd
 To use a Fathers power to force my mind;
 The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to wooe me,
 And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me;
 And of forraine suiters such a wanton crue
 Doe haunt me, that I know not what to doe.
 Who in thy Palace doe most freely raigne,
 Wasting those goods which thou before didst gaine.
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurymachus, and *Antinous* come to wooe
 Me, and in thy absence doe consume and eate
 That estate thou didst gaine by bloud and sweate.
 Poore *Irus*, and *Melanthius* that doth feed
 His sheepe, are suiters too, and hope to speed.
 And all thy household here doth but consist
 Of three that are too weake for to resist;
 Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done,
 Thy Wife, and young *Telemachus* thy Son,
 Whom I had almost lost, while that he went,
 To the City *Pylos* without our consent.
 And when the fates our time of death assigne,
 May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine.
 Our Oxe-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are
 All of one mind, and do make the same prayer:
 And how can old *Laertes* power restrain
 Those wanton Suiters which at home doe raigne.

Telemachus

Telemachus in time will grow more strong,
His Father now should keep him from all wrong.
I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,
Then come thou home, and be thy owne defence.
Thinke on thy Son to whom thou shouldst impart
Instruction, that may season his young heart.
Thinke on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes,
Who in his old age even bed-rid lyes.
And thinke on me, for when thou wentst from home,
Full young was I, but now an old wife growne.





The Argument of the second Epistle.

Demophoon, the sonne of *Theseus* and *Phadra*, returning home from the Trojan warres, was driven by a Tempest into *Thrace*, where *Phyllis* the daughter of *Lycurgus* and *Crustumena*, being then Queene of *Thrace*, gave him courteous entertainment, both at boord and bed : but when he had stayd a while with her, as soone as he heard that *Mnestheus* was dead, who had expulst his Father *Theseus* out of the City of *Athens*, and assumed the government to himselfe, he being desirous to regaine his kingdome, desired leave of *Phyllis* to goe and settle

settle his affaires, promising her within one moneth to returne againe; and so having made ready his Shippes, he sayles to *Athens*, and tarries there. Whereupon after foure moneths were past, *Phyllis* writes this Epistle perswading him to be faithfull unto her, and to remember her kindnesse, and his owne promise, which if he neglects to doe, she threatens to kill her selfe, and so revenge the violation of her Maiden chastity.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertaine
Thee, & *Demophoon*, must of thee complaine. (round,
Before the Moones sharpe hornes were once growne
Thou didst promise to land on the *Thracian* ground;
But now foure Moones are chang'd, foure moneths are past,
And yet thy Ship is not return'd at last.
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love doe stridly reckon with great care;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My feares were slow, for we doe slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsly faine,
That the North-winde drove back thy sayles againe.
Sometimes I fear'd lest that in *Hebrus* sound
Thy ship might in those shallow waves be droun'd.
Oft I besought the gods for thy returne,
And on their Altars did sweet Incense burne.
When the wind stood haire, I said unto my selfe,
Sure he will come now, if he be in health.
My faithfull Love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to returne, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophoon*, by thy stay
One wind did drive thy Ship, and faith away.

Thy

Thy Ship returnes not, which makes me complaine,
 That all thy faithlesse promises were vaine.
 What have I done? Alas I rashly lov'd thee!
 And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee.
 I entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
 Yet this offence might have been kindnesse thought.
 Where is thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
 And oathes thou sworeest to make me beleve thee?
 Swearing by *Hymen* that thou would'st not tarry,
 But come againe and thy poore *Phyllis* marry.
 And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
 Which thou both hast and wilt sayle often o're:
 And by *Neptune* thy great Vncle, who with ease
 Can calme the raging of the angry Seas:
 By *Iuno* who in mariages delights:
 And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick rites,
 Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
 Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
 And should all punish thee with one consent,
 Thou couldst not sure indure their punishment.
 To rigge and mend thy Ships I care did take,
 And in requitall thou didst me forsake,
 I gave thee opportunity to runne
 Away, 'tis I that have my selfe undone.
 I did beleve thy faire and gentle words,
 Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
 And because thou didst come of a good descent,
 I did beleve thou hadst a good intent.
 I did beleve thy teares: and hadst thou taught
 Thy teares to be as false as was thy thought?
 O yes, thy teares would flow with cunning Art,
 When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
 Thy vov'es and promises I did beleve,
And any of those shoves might me deceive,

Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,
 Such kindnesse shew'd to thee could not have sham'd me.
 But I repent, because to adde more height
 Unto thy entertainmeut, I one night
 Did suffer thee to come into my Bed,
 Where thou didst rob me of my Mayden-head.
 Would I had dy'd before that fatall night
 Wherein I yeelded thee so much delight.
 For if I had not thus my selfe betray'd,
 Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Mayd.
 But I did hope that thou more constant wert,
 " That hope is just which springeth from desert.
 For I did know I had deserv'd thy love,
 Which made me hope that thou would'st faithfull prove.
 It is no glory to deceive a Maid,
 Since she deserveth pity that's betray'd,
 By her kind heart, and hath too soon believ'd,
 For thus poore *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd.
 And in stead of other praises may they say,
 That this was he that did a Mayd betray.
 When thy Statue shall be in the City plac'd
 With thy Fathers, which is with high titles grac'd, }
 When they shall read how valiant *Theſeus* slew
 Those cruell Theeves, and also did subdue
 The *Minotaur*, and did the *Thebanes* tame,
 And Centaures that by him were also slain:
 And lastly when th' Inscription shall relate
 How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate ;
 This Title shall be on thy statue read,
 " This man deceiv'd his love, and from her fled.
 In this thy Father thou dost imitate,
 That he faire *Ariadne* did forsake;
 What he alone excus'd as a sin,
 That act thou only do'st admire in him;

Shewing

Shewing thy selfe in this to be his son,
 That thou like him, hast a young Mayd undon,
 But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,
 And in his Charriot drawne with Tigers carried.
 The *Thracians* doe my marriage bed contemne,
 Because I lov'd a stranger more then them:
 And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
 Let her goe to *Athens*, that most learned place;
 Since she so kind hath to a stranger been;
 The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queen.
 The end doth prove the action, but yet may
 He want successe, that thinketh so, I say:
 That measures actions not from the intent,
 "But counts them good, that have a good event.
 For if *Demophoon* would againe returne,
 Then they would honour me, whom now they scorne;
 "Vnfortunate actions doe our credit staine,
 I am faulty, because thou do'st not come againe.
 Me thinks I see, how when thou lefist our Court,
 Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
 Thy loving armes about my neck were spred,
 Making my lips with tedious kisses red.
 I wept, and when thou saw'st those teares of mine,
 Thou also wept'st, and mingled'st them with thine.
 And then thou seem'd'st, with a treacherous mind,
 Sorry, because thou had'st so faire a wind.
 And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
 Thou said'st, farewell faire *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart;
 For when one moneth is come unto an end,
 Looke for *Demophoon* thy faithfull friend.
 Why should I looke for thy returne in vain,
 Who had'st no purpose to returne again?
 Yet I'll looke for thy comming back how ever,
 For it is better to come late, than never.

But I doe feare thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
One that doth alienate from me thy heart,
That thou forgotten *Phyllis* do'st not know:
Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so;
Who did *Demophon* kindly entertaine,
When forc'd by stormes he to our Harbour came:
Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
And gave him many royall gifts beside.
My Kingdome unto thee I did submit,
Thinking a Woman could not govern it:
Even all those goodly Lands I offered thee,
Twixt *Hemus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
Besides, thou did'st my Virgin *Zone* untie;
And violate my chaste Virginity.
And at our marriage the fatall Owle
Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howle:
Alecto with her snaky haire was there;
The Candles did like Funerall-lights appeare.
Oft sadly to some Rock I goe, whose height
May make me to see farre at sea out-right.
If it be day; or if the Starres doe shine,
I looke still how the wind stands at that time;
If a farre off a ship I chance to see,
I straight doe hope that it thy ship may be.
And then in hast upon the sands I run
So farre, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
But when I have at length my errour found,
Amongst my Maydes I fall downe in a swoound.
There is a hollow Bay bent like a Bow,
Whose rockie sides into the sea farre goe;
To cast my selfe from hence is my intent,
Since to deceive me thou art faislly bent.
For when thou seest my body like a wrack
Cast on thy shoare, I know thou wilt looke back

On the sad sight, and though thy heart could be
More hard than Adamant, thou wilt pity me.
Sometimes I could drinke poyson, or afford
To stab my tender brest with a sharpe sword,
Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
Thou hast embraced with thy armes more soft.
For Ile revenge my losse of Chastity,
Though I am doubtfull yet what death to dye.
And to declare my death from thee did come,
These lines shall be engrav'd upon my Tombe.
Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertaine,
Was by his unkindnesse, and her owne hand slain.



The





The Argument of the third Epistle.

THE Græcians being arrived at Phrygia, began to take the Cities neere Troy, especially those opposite to the Ile Lesbos. Achilles the Sonne of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, invaded both the *Cilicians* with *Thabaus*, and *Lyrnessa* besieged and tooke the Towne *Chryseffus*, and brought away two faire Virgins, *Astinoë*, the Daughter of *Chryses*, called afterwards by their Fathers names. *Chryseis*, he bestowed on Prince *Agamemnon*, but keeps *Briseis* to himselfe. But *Agamemnon* being commanded

manded by the Oracle to restore *Chryses* to her Father, tooke *Briseis* from *Achilles*: Who taking it as an indignity, absents himselfe from the warres: no entreaty can prevaile to make him fight against *Troy*. *Agamemnon* sends him *Briseis* againe with gifts, he sleights them both. *Briseis* thereupon in this Epistle complains of his two violent anger, entreats him to fight against the *Trojans*, to accept *Agamemnon's* offer, and receive her againe.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

THis Letter *Briseis* unto thee doth send,
Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pend.
My teares did make those blots which thou dost see;
And yet these weeping blots may speake for me.
If a Captive may with modesty complaine
Of thee, my Lord, doe not my sute disdain.
Vnto *Agamemnon* thou didst me resigne,
And yet alas this was no fault of thine!
When that *Euribates* and *Talthybius* came
To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain.
They wondred that thou couldst so soone deliver
Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
Thou mightst have seemed loath for to depart
And have bestowd one kisse on thy Sweet-heart.
But yet I wept apace, my haire I tore,
As if I were a Captive made once more.
I often thought to steale away to thee,
But then I fear'd the *Trojan* enemy:
Least being surpriz'd by them in my attempt;
They should to *Priam's* daughters me present.
But thou wilt say thou couldst not me detain;
But yet thou mightst have fetcht me back again.
Patroclus then did speake thus in my eares;
Why dost thou weepe? thou shalt not stay long there.
Nay, thou wilt not receive me now againe,
And much lesse fetch her whom thou dost disdain.

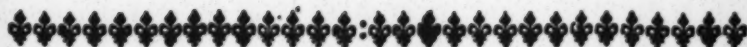
Ajax and *Phœnix* both did come to thee;
 Thy friend and cozen by consanguinitie.
 And *Ulysses*, who with gifts and prayers did wooe thee,
 To receive thy *Briseis* when they brought me to thee.
 And for a present twenty basons brought,
 With seven three-footed tables carv'd and wrought:
 To these ten Talents of gold added were,
 And twelve brave Steeds that were trayn'd up to warre:
 And many Captive maids, who with one look
 Could take the Conquerours that had them took:
 And a faire Virgin that thy wife might be;
 But sure thou needst no other wife but me.
 From *Agamemnon* wouldst thou me redeem,
 That to receive these gifts so nice dost seem?
Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect?
 Why dost thou now unkindly me reject?
 "Or is it fortunes custome still to frown
 "On those, who by misfortune are cast down?
 I saw thee when thou didst *Lyrnessus* take,
 And of thy *Briseis* didst a captive make.
 I saw how many of my kinred were
 Slaine by thy valiant hand, and did lye there
 Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled
 So much that all the earth was painted red.
 Yet when I lost those friends, I got another;
 Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.
 And by thy Mother Queen of the salt Flood
 Thou swore'st all shduld turn unto my good;
 Binding thy self with promises, that I
 Should be most happy in captivity.
 But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,
 Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.
 And I heare to morrow by the break of day,
 Thou meanest to take ship and saile away.

When I did heare the newes, my heart did faile,
 And presently my bloudlesse cheeks grew pale.
 But wilt thou go from me my Dear, and leave me?
 Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me?
 May I be laid into the earths cold bed;
 Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;
 Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
 Through the green waves, while I am left to stay.
 If thou intendest to return again,
 Take me along, who no great burthen am;
 I'll follow thee and serve thee all my life
 As a poor Captive, not as thy deare Wife.
 I can inure my hands to labour hard;
 And I can be content to spin or card.
 One of the fairest Maids that Greece ere bred
 Shall be thy Wife, and warme thy nuptiall-bed.
 My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,
 To be thy servant is all I desire.
 I'll sit and spin untill my taske be done,
 And untill all my Flax to thred be spun.
 Yet suffer not thy Wife, I pray, to chide me,
 Because I love thee, she will not abide me.
 And do not suffer her to teare my haire;
 Thinke how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care.
 Nay though thou suffer her my haire to teare,
 Do not despise me, this is all my feare.
 What wouldst thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
 And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
 Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath
 Conquer'd so many, conquer his owne wrath.
 Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* wast
 And spoyle the *Grecians*? take thou armes at last.
Achilles take thy armes, but first me take:
 Then crush those fellows, and force them to quake.

For my sake thou wert angry and offended,
 For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended.
 It's no disgrace unto my suite to yeeld,
Oetines did go unto the field
 Perswaded by his wife, though he laid by
 His Armes, and to aid his country did deny :
 She did perswade her valiant husband straight,
 But my words have, alas ! no power, nor waight.
 I dare not call my self thy wife, for I
 Have lived with thee in Captivity
 Though my Lord hath often called his hand-maid
 Unto his bed, and I have him obey'd.
 I do remember that a captive Maid;
 Did call me Mistrresse, unto whom I said;
 Lay not the waight of scorn on misery,
 That Title suits not with Captivity.
 For by my fathers ashes I do sweare,
 Of whom a reverend memory I bear;
 By my three brothers soules, whose blood was spill'd
 For their Country, and in its defence were kill'd:
 By my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
 Which we did oftentimes together joynes;
 And by thy Sword I sweare, since I went from thee,
 That *Agamemnon* never lay with mee.
 But for thy honesty thou dar'st not swear,
 If I should put the to thy oath, I fear.
 The Grecians thinke with sorrow thou art pin'd,
 But thou hast Musick to refresh thy mind;
 While thy Sweet-heart doth claspe thee in her armes,
 Making her moistned kisses powerfull charmes
 To stay thee there, which makes thee loath to fight;
 Love and sweet Musick, yeeld thee more delight.
 It is the safer course in bed being laid,
 To sport thy self with some young fearfull Maid;

Or when with those joyes thou art tyr'd too much,
 To give thy Thracian Lyre a gentle touch;
 Then to hold a Buckler of sharp-pointed Speare,
 Or on thy head a waightry Helmet weare;
 Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
 And to win glory only thou wouldst fight,
 Didst thou love war till I was captive made?
 And is thy Valour since that time decay'd?
 The gods forbid, I hope to see thy Speare
 Wound valiant *Hector*, who doth no man feare.
 Let the Græcains send me to my Lord to plead
 Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
 More powerfully than *Phenix* or *Vlysses*,
 There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
 If I incircle thee within mine armes,
 My close embraces are like powerfull charmes;
 My naked breasts being in thy view laid open,
 Will soon perswade thee, though no word be spoken.
 If thou wert like the Sea, void of compassion,
 My silent reares would move commiseration.
 As thou desirest thy fathers length of dayes,
 Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreaths of Bayes.
Achilles take thy *Briseis* once again;
 Have pity on that grief which I sustaine.
 If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet doe not flout mee,
 Kill me outright, who cannot live without thee.
 Nay, thou do'st kill me, for my strength doth fade,
 My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd.
 Yet I doe hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take,
 And this hope makes me live even for thy sake.
 But if my hopes of thee doe faile, then I
 To meet my Brother and Husband will dye.
 Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story,
 To kill a woman will yeeld thee no glory.

Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
Kill me as soon as any other man.
Let thy sword give me such a wound, that I
May bleed with pleasure, and so bleeding die.
Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,
Which might have wounded *Hectors* valiant brest.
But let me live if thou art pleased so,
Thy love doth aske what thou grant'st to thy foe.
And rather kill thy *Trojan* foes, than I;
Expreſſe thy valour on thy enemy.
And whether thou intend'st to goe or stay,
Command me as my Lord to come away.





The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

Theseus the sonne of *Ageus*, having slaine the *Minotaure*, brought away by ship *Ariadne* daughter to *Minos* and *Pasiphae*, to whom for helping him in killing the *Minotaure*, he had promised marriage, and her sister *Phaedra*. But admonished by *Bacchus*, he leaves *Ariadne* in the Ile *Naxos*, or *Chios*, and marries *Phaedra*, who in *Theseus* absence falls in love with her sonne in law *Hippolytus*, *Theseus* son by *Hippolyte* an *Amazon*, hee being a Bachelour, and much addicted to hunting

hunting, she having no opportunity to speake to him, discovers her love by this Epistle, wherein cunningly wooing and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seeme dishonesty in a mother to solicit her sonne in law, she begins with an Insinuation.

P H A E D R A to H I P P O L Y T U S.

Phadra unto *Hippolytus* sends health,
Which unlesse thou glv'st me, I must want my self,
Yet reade it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be something in it may delight thee.
For these dumbe Messengers sent out of hand,
Do carry secrets both by Sea and Land.
The foe will read a Letter, though it be
Sent to him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak.
There is a kind of modesty in love,
Which hindereth those that honest suites do move.
And love hath given command that every lover
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.
Then to contemne loves power it is not safe,
Who over all the gods dominion hath.
Tis dangerous to resist the power of love,
Who ruleth over all the gods above.
Love bid me write, I followed his direction,
Who told me that my lines should win affection.
O! since I love thee, may my love again
Raize in thy brest another mutuall flame.
That love which hath been a long time delay'd,
At last growes violent, and must be obey'd.
I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,
And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart,
As tender Heyfers cannot brook the yolk,
Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broak.

C 4

Endure

Endure the bridle, so loves yoke I find
 Is heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
 When 'tis their Art, and they can easily doe it,
 That from their youth have been train'd up unto it.
 She that hath let her time run on at wast,
 Her love is violent, when she loves at last.
 The forbidden fruits of love I keep for thee,
 In tasting them let us both guilty be.
 It is some happinesse to pluck and cull
 Fruit from a tree, whose boughs with fruit are full;
 Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;
 I am the tree and bush where loves fruit growes;
 Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
 But for white chastity I have been noted;
 And I am glad that I my love have plac'd,
 On one, by whom I cannot be disgrac'd.
 Adultery in her is a base fact,
 That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
 But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*,
 In love I would *Hippolytus* preferre.
 And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
 Those sports which thou do'st love; to hunt and chase
 Wilde savage beasts, for I would gladly be,
 A Huntresse to enjoy thy company.
 And now like thee, no goddesse I do know,
 But chaste *Diana* with her bended Bow.
 I love the woods, and take delight to set
 The toyles, and chase the *Deere* into the net,
 And I do take delight to hoope and hollow:
 And cheere the dogs, while they the chase do follow.
 To cast a dart I now am cunning growne.
 Sometimes upon the grasse I lye along,
 Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
 Reining the horse that with the bridle strive.]

Sometimes like those mad *Bacchie* I do run,
 Who pipe when they to the *Id·an* hill do come:
 Or like those that have seen the horned fawnes,
 And *Dryads* lightly tripping o're the lawnes.
 In such a frantick fit they say I am,
 When love torments me with his raging flame;
 And this same love of mine perhaps may be,
 By fate entail'd upon one familie;
 For it is given to us in love to fall;
 And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
 For first, great *Iupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
 My mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
 The leaping of a lustfull Bull withstood.
 My sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
 A clue of silke, and so his life did save,
 Who through the winding labyrinth was led
 By the direction of this slender thred.
 And now like *Mino's* stock, even I
 Love as the rest did, in extremity.
 It fortunes that our love thus crosse should be,
 Thy father lov'd my Sister, I love thee.
 Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his son
 Through glory that their love hath overcome
 Two sisters, but I would we had remain'd
 At home, when we came to thy fathers land.
 For then especially thy presence mov'd me,
 And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
 My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
 To like of thee, for thou wert cloth'd in white.
 A flowrie garland did thy soft haire crowne,
 And thy complexion was a lovely browne.
 Which some for a sterne visage had mistook;
 But *Phedra* thought thou had'st a manly look.

For young-men should not be like women drest,
 A carelesse dressing doth become them best.
 Thy sternnesse, and loose flowing of thy haire,
 And dusty countenance most gracefull were.
 While thy curvetting Steed did bound and fling,
 I' admir'd to see thee ride him in the ring.
 If with thy strong arme thou did'st trosse the pike,
 Thy nimble strength I did approve and like.
 Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand;
 Me thought thou did'st in comely posture stand.
 For all thy actions yeelded me delight,
 And did appeare most gracefull in my sight.
 Of the woods wildnesse do not then partake,
 Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake.
 For why should'st thou in hunting spend thy leasure?
 And not delight in *Venus* sweeter pleasure?
 There's nothing can endure without due rest,
 By which our wearied bodies are refresh't.
 And thou might'st imitate thy *Diana's* bow,
 Which if too often bended, weake will grow :
Cephalus was a wood-man of great fame,
 And many wild beasts by his hand were slaine:
 Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
 Her blushing beauty did his fancy move,
 While from her aged husbands bed she rose,
 And wisely to young *Cephalus* straight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lie
 Together on the grasse most wantonly.
 And underneath some tree in the hot weather,
 They would lie kissing in the shade together.
Atalanta did *Oenides* fancie move,
 And gave her wild beasts skins to shew his love.
 And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,
 Sith without love the woods unpleasant be:

For

or I will follow thee o're the rocky cliffe,
 and never feare the Boars sharpe fanged teeth,
 two seas the narrow *Isthmus* doe oppose,
 the raging waves on both sides of it flowes.
 together thee and I will govern here,
 the Kingdome, than my countrey farre more deare,
 my husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,
 he's with his friend *Perithous* it doth seem.
Theseus (unlesse we will the truth deny)
 both love *Perithous* more then thee or I:
 'Tis his unkindnesse that he stayes so long,
 but he hath done us both far greater wrong.
 With his great Club he did my brother slay,
 and left my sister to wild beasts a prey.
 Thy mother was a warlike Amazon
 deserving favour for thy sake her son.
 Yet cruell *Theseus* kill'd her with his sword,
 Who did to him so brave a son afford.
 Nor would he marry her; for he did aime
 That as a bastard thou shoul'st never raigne:
 And many Children he on me begot,
 Whose untimely death not I, but he did plot.
 Would I had died in labour, ere that I
 Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
 Why shouldst thou reverence thy fathers bed,
 Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?
 If a mother be to love her son inclin'd;
 Why should vaine names fright thy couragious mind:
 Such strict precisenesse former times became,
 When good old *Saturne* on the earth did raigne.
 But *Saturne's* dead, his lawes are cancell'd now;
 Love rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow.
 For *Jove* all sort of pleasure doth permit,
 Sisters may marry if they thinke it fit,

VVith



Ovid's Epistles. '

With their owne brothers, *Venus* bonds doth tye
The knot more close of consanguinitie.
Besides, who can our stolen joyes discover?
With a faire outside we our fault may colour:
If our embraces were discern'd by some,
They would say, that mother surely loves her son.
Thou need'st not come by night, no doores are barr'd
And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
One house as it did once, may us containe;
Thou oft hast kist me, and shalt kisse again.
Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen
Within my bed, such faults have smother'd been.
Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
And may love alwayes prove to thee more kind.
Thus I most humbly do entreate and sue,
Pride and great words become not those that wooe.
Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone,
Alas ! my pride and my great words are gone:
To my desires long time I would not yeeld;
But yet at last affection wonne the field.
And as a Captive at thy royall feet
Thy Mother begs; *Love knows not what is meet.*
Shame hath forsook his Colours in my cheek
It is confest, yet grant that love I seek.
Though *Minos* be my Father, who keeps under
His power the Seas, and that darteth thunder
Be my Grand-father; and he be a kin
To me, that hath his forehead circled in
With many a cleare-baeme, a sharpe pointed ray,
And drives the purple Chariot of the day,
Love makes a servant of Nobility.
Then for my Ancestors even pitty me.
Nay *Creet*, *Joves* Island, shall my Dowry be,
And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee;

My Mother softened a Bulls sterne breast,
And wilt thou be more cruell then a beast?
For love-sake love me, who have thus complain'd,
So may'st thou love and never be disdain'd.
So may the Queen of Forrests help thee still,
So may the Woods yeeld game for thee to kill.
May Fawns and Satyrs helpe thee every where,
So may'st thou wound the Boare with thy sharp Speare:
So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake
Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
Teares with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,
And imagine that you do behold my teares.



The





The Argument of the first Epistle.

HEcuba Daughter to Cisseus, and Wife to Priam being with child, dreamt, that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand that set all Troy on fire: Priam troubled in mind consults with the Oracle, receives answer, that his Sonne should be the destruction of his Countrey, and therefore as soone as he was borne, commands his death. But his Mother *Heuba* sends her Sonne *Paris* secretly to the Kings Shepherds. They keepe him, till being growne a Young-man, he fancied the

thy Nymph *Oenone*, and married her. But when *Iuno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus* contended about the golden Apple, which had this inscription; **DE TUR PULCHRIORI**, *Let it be given to the fairest*, *Jupiter* made *Paris* their Judge. To whom *Iuno* promised a Kingdome, *Pallas* Wisdome, *Venus* Pleasure, and the fairest of Women; but he gave sentence for *Venus*. Afterward being knowne by his Father, and received into favour, he sayled to *Sparta*, whence he tooke *Helen* Wife to *Menelaus*, and brought her to *Troy*. *Oenone* hearing thereof, complains in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness; perswaddig him to send back *Helen* to *Greece*, and receive her again.

OENONE TO PARIS.

UNto my *Paris*, for though thou art not mine,
 Thou art my *Paris*, because I am thine,
 A Nymph doth send from the *Idæan* Hill
 These following words, which do this paper fill.
 Reade it, if that thy new Wife will permit,
 My Letter is not in a strange hand writ.
Oenone, through the *Phrygian* Woods well known,
 Complaines of wrong, that thou to her hast done,
 What god hath us'd his power to crosse our love?
 What fault of mine hath made thee faithlesse prove?
 With deserv'd sufferings I could be content,
 But not with undeserv'd punishment.
 What I deserve, most patient I could beare,
 But underserv'd punishments heavie are.
 Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
 When a young Nymph did first marry thee;
 Though now forsooth, thou *Priams* son art prov'd,
 Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
 And while our Sheep did graze, we both have laid
 Under some Tree together in the shade;
 Whose boughs like a green Canopie were spread,
 While the soft grasse did yeeld us a green bed:
 And when the dew did fall, we often lay
 In a poore Cottage, upon straw or hay.

I shew'd thee both, what Lawnes and Forrests were
 Likely to yeeld much store of game, and where
 The wilde beasts did in secret caves abide,
 And their young ones in the hollow Rocks did hide.
 To set thy Toyles with thee I oft have gone,
 After the Hounds I o're the hills have run.
 My name on every Beech-tree I do finde,
 Thou hadst engrav'd *Oenone* on their rinde,
 And as the body of the tree doth, so
 The letters of my name do greater grow.
 Close by a River (I remember it)
 These lines are on an *Alder* fairely writ;
 And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,
 Because these lines may on the Bark be read;
 When *Paris* doth to *Oenone* false become,
Xanthus unto his Spring shall backward run.
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
 For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.
 That day did unto me most fatall prove;
 That day began the winter of thy love,
 When *Venus*, *Juno*, and faire *Pallas* came
 Naked before thee, and did not disdain
 To chuse thee for their Judge, when thou had'st told
 The story to me, my faint heart grew cold.
 Of the experienc'd I did counsell take,
 They did resolve me, thou would'st me forsake.
 For thou didst build new ships without delay,
 And did'st send forth a Fleet to sea, straightway,
 Yet thou didst weepe at thy departure hence;
 Do not deny it, it was no offence:
 For by my love thy credit is not stain'd,
 But of loving *Helen* thou mayst be asham'd,
 Thou wept'st, and also at that very time
 Thou saw'st me weep, my teares dropping with thine.

And as the Vine about the Elme doth winde,
So thy armes were about my neck entwinde.
When thou complaind'st because the winds crosse were
The Sailers laught, because the wind stood fair.
Thou did'st kisse me oft, when thou did'st depart,
And thou wert loath to say, Farewell, Sweet-heart.
At last, a gentle gale of wind bid blow,
So that thy ship from land did slowly go.
I looking after thee, long time did stand
Weeping, and shedding tears on the dry sand.
And to the green *Nereides* I did pray,
Thy voyage might be speedy without stay:
For me it was too speedy, since that I
Sustain the losse of thy false love thereby.
T o*Thessaly* my prayers have brought thee safe;
And for a Whore my prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountain that to sea doth look,
Which beating of the foaming waves can brook.
From hence when I beheld thy ship was comming,
Into the sea I presently was running;
But standing still, at length I might discern
A purple flag, which waved on the stern.
Then whether it were thy ship I did doubt,
Because such colours thou didst not put out.
But when thy ship to shoar did neerer stand,
And a fair gale did bring it close to land,
A womans face I straightway did behold,
Which made my heart to tremble, and waxe cold.
And while I stood doating there, I might espie
Thy Sweet heart, that did on thy bosome lie.
O then I wept, my breast I strook, and beat
And tore my cheeks, that with my tears were wet;
Filling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries;
And there I did bewaile my miseries.

May *Helena* at last so weepe, so grieve,
 When thou dost falsly her forsake and leave :
 And may she that this wrong to me doth offer,
 Be wrong'd in the like kinde, and like wrong suffer.
 When thou wert poor, and ledd'st a Shepheards life,
 None but *Oenone* was thy loving Wife,
 'Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire;
 Nor to be *Priams* daughter do I desire.
 Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecuba*, need disdain
 Me for their daughter since I worthy am.
 I am fit to be a Princeesse, to command,
 A royall Scepter would become my hand.
 Despise me not, because that I with thee
 Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree:
 For I am fitter for thy royall bed,
 When it with purple Quilts is covered.
 Lastly, my love is safest, since for me
 No wars shall follow, nor no Fleet shall be
 Sent forth; but if thou *Helena* do take,
 She shall by force of armes be fetched back.
 Bloud is the portion which thou shalt obtain,
 If thou dost marry with this stately Dame.
 Aske *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if she
 Should not unto the *Greekes* restored be;
 Aske *Priam*, and *Antenor* wife and grave;
 Who by their age much deep experience have:
 For to performe a beautilous rape, before
 Thy Countrey must be bad and base all o're;
 Since to defend a bad cause is a shame.
 Her Husband shall just wars 'gainst thee maintain.
 Nor thinke that *Helena* faithfull will become.
 Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
 As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
 Hath with a stranger, by adulterie

Wrong'd the chaste rites of the Nuptial-bed,
 And let a stranger so adhorn his head:
 So thou wilt then confesse, no Art, or cost,
 Can purchase honesty, that once is lost.
 She that is bad once, will in bad perseuer,
 And being bad once will be bad for ever.
 As she loves thee, so she before did love
Menelaus, unto whom she false did prove.
 Thou might'st have been more faithfull unto me,
 As thy Brother was to faire *Andromache*.
 But thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
 By every wanton wind blowne off the tree:
 Or like the waving corne, which every whiffe
 Of wind doth bend, untill it grow more stiffe.
 Thy Cozen once (for I remember't well)
 With dishevell'd hair did thus my fate foretell;
 What do'st thou *Oenone*? Why do'st thou sowe
 The barren sands? Or why dost thou thus goe
 About to plough the shoar? it is in vain;
 Such fruitlesse tillage can yeeld thee no gain.
 A Grecian Maid is comming that shall be
 Fatall unto thy Countrey, and to thee.
 And may the ship be drown'd in the salt flood;
 Whose sad arrivall shall cost so much blood.
 When she had said thus, straight my flaxen hair
 Began to heave, and stand upright for fear.
 Alas, thou wert too true a Prophetesse,
 For she is come, and doth my place possesse!
 Yet she is but a fair adulteresse,
 Who with a strangers love was so soon took;
 And for his sake her Countrey hath forlook.
 Besides, one *Theseus* (though I know not whom)
 Brought her out of the countrey long ago.
 And canst thou think an amorous Young-man
 Would send her a pure Virgin back again?

If thou would'st know how I these truths discry,
 It is my love, love doth in all things pry.
 If thou call'st her fault a rape, yet that name
 May seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.
 Since she so often from her Countrey went,
 'T was not by violence, but by her consent.
 Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
 Yet *Oenone* still remaineth chaste.
 I bid me in the woods, while the wanton rout
 Of nimble Saryres sought to find me out :
 And horned Fawnes, with wreaths of sharp Pine crown'd,
 Over the Mountain *Ida* sought me round.
 For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*,
 The spoyles of my virginity did enjoy,
 By force against my will; for which disgrace
 I toar my guiltlesse hair, and scratcht my face.
 Yet neither pretious stones could me intice,
 Nor gold; for I set on my selfe no price.
 She that hath wit, and ingenuitie,
 Seemeth for gifts to sell virginity.
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
 To me the skill of physick, and his Art :
 The vertue of all Herbs he did reveale
 To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heale.
 Yet wo's me, that no powerfull Herb is found,
 That can recure loves inward bleeding wound.
 Since great *Apollo*, who did first invent
 The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
 And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
 Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd Swaine
 Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
 Yet thou can'st help me, and some comfort give me.
 Thou canst, O then have pity on a Maid :
 For me the Grecians shall not thee invade.

As from my blooming yeares, and childish time
I have been, so let me remain still thine:

Oenone.



The Argument of the sixth Epistle.

THE Oracle had told *Pelias* the Son of *Neptune*, that he should be-
neer his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, one should
come to him with one foot naked, and bare. As he was performing his

his yearly Sacrifice, *Iason* Son to *Asen*, and his Nephew, having left one of his Shoes sticking in the mud of the River *Anaurus*, halting to the Sacrifice, meets with him on foot naked. *Pelias* remembering the Oracle, perswades *Iason* to goe to *Colchos*, to fetch the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of the attempt. But courageous *Iason* willingly undertooke the voyage, and so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the Ship *Argo* from *Pegasi* a haven of *Thessaly*, and sailed to the Isle *Lemnos* : where when the Women consented to kill all the Men on one night, *Hypsiphyle* who had onely preserved her Father *Thous* alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained *Iason*. But after two yeares, the time and importunity of his company urging him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves *Hypsiphyle* with childe, and sayles to *Colchos* : where by *Medeas* Art having charmed the Dragon fast asleepe, and overcome the fierce Buls, he brought away the golden Fleece, and *Medea* : *Hypsiphyle* being grieved that *Medea* was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates *Iason's* returne, railes on *Medeas* cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible ; and lastly curses both *Iason* and *Medea*,

HYP S I P H Y L E to I A S O N.

TO *Thessaly* thou art return'd again,
 Rich in the golden Fleece, which thou did'st gain.
 I am glad thou 'rt well, yet it were better,
 If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
 It may be that the wind did not stand faire,
 That to my Kingdome thou could'st not repaire;
 And yet although contrary winds stood crosse,
 To venture a letter had been no losse.
Hypsiphyle had deserv'd thy salutations,
 Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
 I heard not by thy letters, but by fame,
 That thou did'st *Mars* his sacred Oxen tame;
 And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
 Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring,
 In whose blood thou did'st nor thy hand imbrow,
 For those Sons of earth one another slew.

And

And from the watchfull Dragon, while he slept,
 Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept.
 What sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
 If thou this joyfull newes to me had'st writ !
 Of thy unkindnesse why do I complain ?
 I feare thou do'st my former love disdain.
 A barbarous Enchauntresse thou hast brought,
 And her more worthy of thy love hast thought,
 Love soon beleeves, yet I wish, I may be
 Censur'd for rashnesse in accusing thee.
 From *Thessaly* a stranger came of late;
 And as soon as he was come to my gate,
 I askt him how my *Jason* did, and staid
 Looking downe to the ground, no answer made.
 Straightway into a passion I did break,
 Tearing my garments, and thus I did speak ;
 Tell me if that my *Jason* live, that I,
 If he be dead, may follow him and die.
 He lives, sayes he: and yet through loving fear
 I scarce belev'd him, though that he did swear.
 But when my doubtfull mind his words belev'd,
 I askt what valiant deeds thou hadst achiev'd ?
 And he related the whole story, how
 Thou mad'st the brazen-footed Oxen plough:
 How from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd,
 A harvest of brave armed Souldiers grow'd;
 Which earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,
 And slew each other in their civill wars :
 And that thou kildst the Dragon: when I heard
 These deeds of thine, again I grew as fear'd,
 Again I asked him, if *Jason* live,
 His words through fear, I hardly could beleeve,
 Yet by the carriage of his speech I found,
 That thy unkindnesse had given me a wound:

Where are thy promises? those marriage bands,
 Which once did joyne our loving hearts and hands?
 Or where is *Hymens* Torch that burnt so bright?
 Fitter to have been a sad Funerall light.
 I was no Whore, *Juno* and *Hymen* too
 At our glad Nuptials themselves did show.
 Not *Juno*, nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
 But *Erinny* did the fatall Torches carry.
 The *Thessalians* and *Minyans* strangers were
 To me, and why did *Typhis* put in here
 His Ship? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear
 A golden fleece upon his back, nor here
 Doth old *Æte*'s fair lofty palace stand,
 This *Lemnos* is a little small Island.
 I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
 To drive thee from hence with a Feminine band.
 Though *Lemnian* women had their husbands kill'd,
 I thought 'twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.
 Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
 That I entertained thee at board and bed.
 And thou two Summers with me stayd'st here,
 And while two Winters also passed were.
 And the third year, when thou didst sail away,
 With weeping teares unto me thou didst say,
Hypsipha, though I am forc'd to go
 And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
 That till I do return again, I'll be
 Always a faithfull Husband unto thee.
 And may that prosper which is in thy womb,
 To make me a glad parent when I come;
 Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,
 The rest for grief thou could'st not speak at all:
 Of all thy company thou went'st last of all
 Aboard the ship which thou didst *Argo* call:

Away it flies, when once the hollow saile,
 Was driven forward with a lusty gale;
 And while thy ship the blew waves passed o're,
 I lookt unto the sea, thou to the shore.
 And then unto my Turret I did go,
 While tears did down my cheeks and bosome flow :
 I looked through my tears, and they did seem,
 As if they watry perspectives had been:
 For thorow them me thought that I could view
 Things farther off than I was wont to do.
 Then I made vowes, and I did chastly pray
 For thy return, which vowes I now should pay.
 But shall I pay vowes for *Medea's* good?
 Love mixt with anger doth enrage my blood.
 Because I have lost *Jason* that doth live,
 Shall I Sacrifices on th' Altar give :
 I must confesse I alwayes was afraid,
 Lest thou should'st marry some young Grecian Maid.
 I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
 A barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne're thought.
 She cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
 With her charmes and skill in herbs thou art took.
 For from the Sphear she can call downe the Moon,
 And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun;
 She can make Rivers stay their hasty course,
 And make green Woods and stones remove by force.
 Unto the graves with loosen'd haire she comes,
 And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.
 When she would bewitch another, she doth frame
 In wax his picture, and t' increase his pain,
 In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
 Which maketh his owne heart to ake and prick.
 And by her cursed charmes she can force love,
 Which beauty and fair vertue ought to move.

How

How canst thou then imbrace her with delight?
 Or sleep securely by her in the night?
 But as she did with charms the Dragon quell,
 And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a Spell.
 Besides of glory she will have a share,
 Out of those deeds by thee performed were.
 And some of *Pelias* side will thinke each deed
 Of thine, did from the force of charmes proceed;
 And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the golden Fleece.
 Thy Father and thy Mother both are wroth,
 That thou should'st bring a wife out of the North.
 A husband for her may at home be found,
 Or else where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
 But *Jason* is more fickle than the wind,
 And in his words no constancy I find.
 As thou went'st forth, why didst not come again?
 Comming and going I thy wife remain.
 If Nobility of birth can thee content,
 King *Thous* is my father by descent.
Bacchus my Vncle is, whose wifes crowne shines,
 With starres enlightning all the lesser signes.
 And faithfull *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,
 Which thou might'st have, if that thou would'st have me.
Jason for my delivery may be glad
 Of that sweet burthen which by him I had;
 For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath been,
 That I two children unto thee did bring.
 They are most like to thee in outward show,
 Yet they their fathers falshood doe not know:
 These young Embassadors I to thee had sent,
 But their step-mother hindered my intent;
 I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
 Ready to act all kind of villany.

She

She that her brothers limbs could piece-meal tear,
 Would she have pity on my children dear;
 And yet her charmes have madly blinded thee,
 To prefer her before *Hypsiphyle*
 She was an adultresse when first she knew thee;
 I by chaste marriage was given to thee.
 She betray'd her father, I sav'd mine from death,
 She forsook *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.
 And though her dowry be her wickednesse,
 From me she got my Husband nevertheless.
Jason, I blame the *Lemnian* womens act,
 Yet wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.
 Tell me, suppose crosse winds by chance had droven
 Thee, and thy company into my Haven,
 If with my children I had come to meet thee,
 With curses might not I most justly greet thee?
 How could'st thou look upon my babes or me?
 What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?
 To preserve thee it had my mercy been,
 And sure I had, though thou unworthy seem.
 And with the harlots bloud I would not faile,
 To fill my cheeks, which her charmes have made pale.
Medea to Medea I would be,
 And furiously revenge my injury.
 If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,
 Like to *Hypsiphyle*, so may she grieve.
 And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
 May she know what unto my griefe belongs.
 And as I am of my husband bereft,
 May she be a widow with two children left;
 As to her brother, and her father she
 Was cruell, may she to her husband be.
 And may she wander, o're Earth, Sea, and Aire
 A harred murtheresse, hopelesse, poore, and bare.

Having

Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,
May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.



The Argument of the seventh Epistle.

AFTER the destruction of Troy, *Aeneas* the Sonne of *Anchises* and *Venus*, taking his *Penates* or household gods with him, goes to sea with twenty ships. Through tempestuous weather at sea, he is driven to *Lybia*: where *Dido* (as *Virgil* hath fained) Daughter to *Belus*, and wife

wife to *Sisbanus Hercules Priest*, leaving *Tyre* for the cruell avarice of her brother *Pigmalion*, who had unawares killed her Husband for his wealth, and built the new City *Carthage*: She most magnificently entertained *Aeneas* and his Companions, loved him, and enjoyed him: but when *Mercury* admonisht him to depart for *Italy*, which Countrey the Oracle had promised him: *Dido*, having in vain endeavoured by intreaty to divert him from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sicke to death, writes unto him, accusing him as the cause of her death,

D I D O TO Æ N E A S.

AS the Swan by *Meanders* fords doth lie,
In the moist weeds, and sings before she die:
So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,
Since one that will not hear me, I do pray.
Having lost my credit and virginity;
To lose a few words a small losse will be;
For thy poore *Dido* thou mean'st to forsake,
And unto sea wilt a new voyage make.
Aeneas thou wilt needs depart from me,
To find strange Kingdomes out in *Italy*.
Thou car'st not for new *Carthage*, or my Land,
Whose Scepter I have given into thy hand.
Thou shun'st my country, which might be thy owne,
And seek'st a countrey unto thee unknowne.
Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain;
For who will suffer a stranger to raige?
Thou seekest another *Dido*, whom in love
Thou may'st deceive, and false unto her prove;
Or when like unto *Carthage* canst thou build
A City, that doth store of people yeeld?
If all things happen to thee prosperously,
Where wilt thou find so kind a wife as I?
Like a wax taper I burn with desire,
Or like sweet incense in the funerall fire;

And

And still I wish, *Aeneas* would but stay,
Aeneas I doe think on night and day.
 He carelesse of my love, and gifts doth seem;
 Had I been wise I had not ear'd for him.
 Yet I cannot hate *Aeneas*, although he
 Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
 Of thy unfaithfulnesse I do complain,
 Having complain'd, I love thee more again.
 Spare me, *o Venus*, since thou art his mother;
 Helpe me, *o Cupid*, since thou art his brother.
 Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
 And be a Souldier in the tears of love.
 And since to love him I think it no thame,
 O may he love me with a mutuall flame!
 Thou art some false *Aeneas* I do find,
 Thou do'st not bear thy mothers gentle mind.
 Stones, Rocks, and Oakes are hard, like to thy brest
 More mercilesse than any salvage beast,
 Or than the Seas, which winds do now incense,
 Yet with contrary winds thou wouldest go hence:
 Winter to stay thy journey hence assaies,
 Look how the Eastern wind the waves doth raise,
 Then to the wind let me beholding be,
 Though for thy stay I had rather owe to thee.
 But I see rugged Seas, and blustering wind
 More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
 To untimely death I would not have thee come,
 (Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run.
 Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,
 That thou wilt leave me though thy life it cost?
 The winds, and waves, their fury will appease,
 When *Triton* drives his blew steeds o're the Seas.
 Would thy affections would change with the wind!
 They will, if thou bear'st not a cruell mind.

Had'st thou not known the Seas, what would'st thou doe?
 Since having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.
 Though to weigh Anchor the smooth Sea perswade thee;
 Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee.
 The Sea doth favour no unfaithfull men,
 But for unfaithfulness doth punish them.
 Specially such as do their Sweet-hearts wrong,
 Since naked *Venus* from the green Sea sprung.
 Take care for him, that would me forsake,
 And am afraid the Sea should thee shipwracke.
 Live, for bad fame is worse than death can be,
 When the world shall say that thou hast kill'd me.
 Suppose a storme at Sea should thee assaile;
 Would not thy courage then begin to quaille?
 Thy false oathes then would come into my mind,
 And *Dido* whom thou kill'dst by being unkind.
 My bloody shape would hideously appeare
 Before thy eyes, with loose long-spredding hair.
 Then thou wouldst say, this thundring storme is sent
 Justly, for my deserved punishment.
 Vntill thou maist go safely, doe but stay,
 It would comfort me, if thou would'st delay
 Thy voyage; spare *Ascanius* thy son,
 Though I by thee to untimely death do come.
 What have *Ascanius*, or those gods deserv'd
 Drowning, which were by thee from fire preserv'd?
 But though thou brag'st to me; yet I do feare,
 Thy gods and father thou did'st never beare
 Upon thy shoulders, through the flaming fire;
 But I am jealous that thou wert a lyer;
 For I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong,
 Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.
Ascanius mother too by thee was left,
 And thy unkindnesse her of life bereft.

Thou

Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,
 And the sad story made my heart to grieve;
 And that the gods do hate thee it appears,
 Who hadst wander'd by Sea and Land seven yeares.
 Drown'd by stormes, I did thee entertain,
 And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name.
 And would that I had only been content
 To have entertain'd thee, and no farther went.
 For I should happy be if Fame would die,
 And never tell how I with thee did lie.
 That day was fatal, when a showre us drave
 To meet together in a silent Cave.
 Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howle,
 The furies at that present time did scowle.
 Now thou do'st punish me for *Sichaus* sake,
 To whom my faith I then did violate.
 And sure my ghost will even blush for shame,
 When after death we two do meet again.
Sichaus Statue in a sacred place
 Stands cover'd with leaves, and a woollen case;
 From whence me-thought a hollow voyce did say,
 And sometimes call; *Elisa* come away.
 I come, and yet the fault that I have done
 Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
 Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
 My ruine, and this may excuse my fault.
 Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,
 I hoped that he faithfull would remain.
 And though I err'd, I had a good intent,
 Of his falshood, not my error I repent,
 But as at first, so now at last I find,
 "That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.
 My brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
 My husband, and his blood for wealth he spill'd;

And after like a banished creature I
 From my owne countrey was enforc'd to flye.
 Scaping my brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
 And bought this land which I would have giv'd thee.
 And built this City, compassing it withall;
 Even round about with a defensive wall.
 Then sudden warres did me straithgway invade,
 Before that I the City gates had made.
 And many suiters did of me approve,
 Who all did come to wooe, and win my love.
 Now to *Iarbas* I yeeld me up at leasure,
 Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy owne pleasure,
 My brother in my bloud desires to stain
 His hand, by whom my husband first was slain.
Eneas do not thou presume to touch
 The Altars of those gods, who would too much
 By thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
 Lift not unto the gods an impure hand.
 For if to worship them thou should'st aspire,
 They would be sorry that they scap'd the fire.
 And that I am with Child too it may be,
 And that the fruits of love now grow in me.
 And as thou hast the mother first undone,
 So to untimely death my babe shall come.
 So that *Ascanius* his unborn brother
 Shall die, like an unripe fruit in his mother.
 But *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
 I would he had for comming too forbid thee.
 And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
 Nor landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.
 Toft with contrary winds, thou hast long time
 Sought that land which *Apollo* did assign.
 To return to *Troy* thou would'st not take such pain
 If *Hector* liv'd, and *Troy* did stand again.

E

Thou

Thou seek'st not *Simois*, but swift *Tybris* River,
 And shalt be a stranger when thou comest thither;
 Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,
 Untill perhaps thou art in years grown old.
 But rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth
 Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my self.
 Let ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remain,
 Take thou the royall Scepter, and here reign.
 If thou, or else thy young son *Iulus* are
 Desirous to get honour by the warre;
 Here thou shalt find a foe to overcome,
 For sometimes the red colours and the drum
 Do banish peace, therefore I intreat of thee,
 As thou lov'st thy country gods, and company;
 Spare me; I beg it by thy brothers darts,
 Young *Cupid* that doth wound all mortall hearts.
 So may thy Trojans still victorious be,
 And *Troys* destruction end thy misery.
 So may *Ascanius* in his youth be blest.
 So may *Anchises* bones still softly rest.
 Though I offer thee my self, do not reject me;
 What is my fault, but that I do affect thee?
 I am not come of the *Mycenian* bloud,
 By friends, or father thou art not withstood.
 Or if to call me wife thou do'st disdain,
 Call me thy Hostesse, I will take that name.
 Or with any other name thou shalt assigne,
 I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.
 I know the seas, that beat the *Africk* shoar,
 At certain seasons may be passed o're,
 When the wind stands fair, thou wilt sail away,
 Now thy ships in the weedy haven stay.
 The time of thy departure let me know,
 Ile not stay thee, if thou desir'st to go.

But yet thy company desire some rest,
 To rig, and trim thy torn ships were best.
 O ! if I have deserved any way
 Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay :
 Untill the sea grow calme, and till my love
 By use of time more temperate do prove.
 That I may learn, by length of time to be
 Valiant, in suffering of adversity.
 If not, to kill my self is my intent,
 If to be cruell to me thou art bent.
 For I do wish, thou could'st behold or see,
 In what sad posture I do write to thee.
 One hand to write unto thee doth afford,
 The other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* sword.
 And down my cheeks the trickling teares do slide
 On the sword, which shall with my blood be dy'd.
 It was thy fatall gift, and it may be
 To send me to my grave, thou gav'st it me.
 And though this first do wound my outward part,
 Yet cruell love long since did wound my heart.
 O sister *Anna*, thou that counsell'dst me
 To yeeld to love, shalt now my funerall see.
 On th'urne, to which my ashes they commit,
Elisa wife to *Sichaus* shall be writ.
 And these two verses shall engraven be
 Upon the marble that doth cover me.
Eneas did to me my death afford,
 For *Dido* kill'd her self with his owne sword.



The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

HErmiene the daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather by the mothers side, to whom Menelaus had committed the government of his house, while he went to Troy, betrothed to Orestes, the sonne of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Her father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betrothed her to Pyrrhus, the sonne of Achilles, who at last returning from the Trojan warres, stole

Stole away *Hermione*. But she hating *Pyrrhus*, and loving *Orestes*, admonishes him by this Letter, that she might bee easily taken from *Pyrrhus*; and she obtained her desire. For *Orestes* being freed from his madnesse, for murdering *Agisthus* and his mother, he slew *Pyrrhus* in *Apollo's* Temple, and tooke her again.

HERMIONE TO ORESTES.

Hermione writes to him that was of late
 Her husband, now anothers wife by fate.
Pyrrhus, *Achilles* stout sonne takes delight
 To keepe me from thee against law and right.
 I did strive with him, but my force did faile,
 A womans strength could not 'gainst him prevaile.
Pyrrhus, quoth I, what do'st thou do? ere long,
 My Lord on thee will sure revenge this wrong.
 But of *Orestes* name he would not hear,
 But dragg'd me home even by my loosen'd hair.
 Should the barbarous foe *Lacedemon* take,
 He could but thus of me a captive make.
 And conquering *Greece* us'd not *Andromache*,
 When they set fire of *Troy*, as he us'd me.
 But *Orestes* if thou'rt toucht with this despite,
 Then fetch me back again, I am thy right.
 To fetch thy stollen cattell thou wilt go,
 Why then to fetch thy wife art thou so slow?
 By thy father why do'st not example take?
 Who by a just war did his wife fetch back.
 Had he led in his Court an idle life;
 Thy mother then had been young *Paris* wife.
 If thou do come, thou need'st not to provide
 A fleet, or store of Souldiers beside;
 Yet so I might be fetched back again,
 A husband for his wife may war maintain.

And *Atreus* was Uncle unto either,
 So that thou art my husband and my brother.
 O! husband then, and brother, help thou me,
 For these two names implore some help of thee.
 My grandfather *Tyndarus*, grave in his life,
 Deliver'd me unto thee as thy wife.
 My father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me,
 But my grandfather should dispose of me.
 When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
 If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
 My father will let us love, and enjoy,
 For he was wounded by the winged boy;
 And will permit us to love one another,
 In the like sort as he did love my mother.
 As he my mothers husband was, thou art
 My husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
 Though he boast deeds were by his father done,
 Thy father by his actions fame hath wonne.
Achilles did for a common Souldier stand,
 But *Agamemnon* Captaines did command.
Pelops, and his father thy Ancestors were,
 Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.
 Nor did'st thou courage want, though thou did'st spill
 Thy father: and his pretious blood did'st spill.
 Would thy valour had been happilier employ'd,
 Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
 For thou *Ægisthus* kill'd'st unluckily,
 And did'st fulfill thy haplesse fate thereby.
 When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
 And before me doth make it a great crime:
 My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
 And my old love revives, and glowing lies
 Within my brest, if that *Orestes* be
 By any one accused to *Hermione*.

For then I have no strength in any part,
 As if a sword were thrust into my heart.
 I weep, and then my tears my anger show,
 Which like two Rivers down my bosome flow.
 Plenty of tears I only have, which rise,
 Wetting my cheeks from the springs of my eyes.
 And this sad fate, which happens unto me,
 Hath been the fortune of our family.
 I need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
 To deceive us, a faire and milk-white Swan.
 How *Hippodamia* in a strangers Chariot,
 Over the *Hell-spont* was swiftly carried.
 My mother *Helen*, in *Paris* took delight,
 For whom the *Grecians* ten whole yeares did fight.
 My Grandfather, my Sister, and each brother
 Began to weep, for the losse of my mother.
 And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer
 Unto the gods, and to her *Jupiter*.
 While I did tear my hair, and to her cry'd,
 Mother must I without you here abide?
 And lest that I should not be thought to be
 Of *Peleus* most unhappy progeny;
 My mother being with *Paris* gone away,
 I unto *Pyrrhus* was soon made a prey.
 If *Achilles* had escap'd *Apollo's* bow,
 He would have then condemn'd his son, I know.
 He knew by *Briseis* losse, which he could not brook,
 That from their husbands wives should not be took.
 Why are the gods thus cruell unto me?
 What sad Starre rul'd at my Nativity?
 For in my younger yeares I was bereft
 Of my mother and was of my father left,
 Who went unto the wars, yet ne're thelesse
 Although they liv'd, yet I was Parentlesse,

Nor could delight my mother, as you see
 Children will do, with stammering flattery.
 Nor round about her neck my weak armes clap,
 While she would fondly set me on her lap.
 Nor did she teach me how to dresse my head,
 Nor did she bring me to my marriage bed,
 For when she did return (truth Ile not smother)
 I did not know her then to be my mother.
 I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
 She knew not me when as I did my duty.
 'Mongst all these miseries I most happy am,
 That *Orestes* for my husband I did gain.
 Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
 Unlesse he do fight for himself and me.
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy.
 This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
 Yet while the Sun with his bright rayes doth shine,
 My sorrows are more gentle all that time.
 But when at night with grief I go to bed,
 And on my pillow rest my weary head,
 The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
 Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep.
 And from my husbands side as far off lie,
 As if he were to me an enemy.
 Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
 I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and again
 I have pluckt back my hand, for I did grutch,
 That I his body with my hand should touch.
 Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
 My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
 And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall
 I love my error, as a sign of luck,
 When I have thy name, for his name mistook.

By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and skies,
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
Which do rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resigne my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* wife.



The





The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

Jupiter having joyned three nights in one, begot *Hercules* on *Alcumena*, in the shape of her husband *Amphitryo*: *Euryfemus* King of the *Mycenians*, by *Juno's* subtilty, perswades him to attempt difficult labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and policy, alwayes got the victory; and to obtaine *Deianira* for his wife, *Acheloüs* a River of *Etolia*, after many changes of shapes, he overthrew in the

the figure of a Bull: yet though he overcame many Monsters he was overcome by love. For *Eurythus*, King of *Oechalia* denying him his daughter *Iole* formerly promised unto him, he took his City, slew *Eurythus* and obtained *Iole*, with whose love he was so blinded, that at her command he layd by his Lyons skin and Club, and putting on Womens cloathes, sat and spun amongst her Maids: and was as subject to *Iole*, as he had been to *Omphale* queene of *Lydia*, on whom he begot *Lamius*. His wife *Deianira* Daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Calydon*, understanding of his base and servile dotage, writesto him, and layes before him his former worthy acts, that this present disgrace by comparison with them, might appeare more to the life. But as shee was writing she understood of *Hercules* suffering, by the shirt she had sent him dipt in the blood of the *Centaur* *Nessus*, to retaine him from wandering affection (for so had *Nessus* perswaded her, whom in passing over the River *Euenus*, *Hercules* slew with a poyson'd arrow) being much grieved hereat, she clears herselfe that shee did not thereby intend his destruction, but the regaining of his love, and concludes with a *Tragicall* resolution.

DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

I Am glad thou *Oechalia* hast wonne,
 For husbands honour doth the wives become,
 But I am sorry that a Captives beauteous look
 Sho'ld take the conquerour, that hath her took.
 When Fame the sad report at first did bring
 To the Greek Cities on her nimble wing;
 Me thought this action was not of the colour
 Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller;
 Whom *Iuno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole made her yeeld unto her yoke.
Eurystheus is glad, and *Jupiters* Wife,
 To see this action blot thy fair-spent life.
 Nor can I think three nights were joyn'd in one
 At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse than *Juno* thy step-dame,
 For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

But

But *Venus* makes thee basely think it meet,
To put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
The world, environ'd round with the blew seas,
Was settled by thy conquering hand in peace,
By which both sea, and land injoy sweet rest.
Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas*'es were even,
For *Hercules*, and *Atlas* bore up heaven.
But if with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
Thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
In thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy father,
When thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
Thy child-hood, and thy man-hood I do see,
But far unlike, and far most different be.
Thy beginning was far better, than thy end,
The last act of thy life doth most offend.
Wild beasts, and enemies thou could'st overcome,
But love the victory over thee hath wonne.
Some think I am well married, because I am
Wife to great *Hercules*, that very name
Is happinesse, besides my father-in-law
Is *Jove*, whose thunder keeps the world in awe.
But I am over-matched with thee now,
Unequall Oxen awkwardly do plow.
Thy honour like a burthen I do carry,
"She's fitly matcht, that doth her equall marry.
For *Hercules* is absent from me still,
While he fierce monsters, and wild beasts doth kill,
Thus widowed, I offer sacrifice,
Lest thou should'st be stain by thy enemies.
Me-things I see how thou do'st take delight
With Serpents, Boars, and Lyons still to fight.
Strange visions in my sleep to me appear,
And my dreams oft put me in a fear.

Sometimes

Sometimes I do beeleeve the common fame;
 Sometime I hope, sometimes I fear again.
 My mother is from home, and doth complain,
 Because her beauty did a god enflame.
Amphytrio thy owne father is from home,
 And little *Hillus* also thy young son.
 I only do perceive *Eurystheus* hath
 Made thee a sacrifice to *Juno's* wrath.
 To performe labours he did thee perswade,
 Which done, the goddesse wrath is not allay'd.
 And to encrease my grief thou do'st approve
 A captive maid, who is become thy love.
 I will not mention how thou did'st dally
 With *Auge* in the sweet *Parthenian* vally.
 Or how the nymph *Ormenes* was defil'd,
 And wantonly by thee was got with child:
 Nor will I urge it as a fault, not I,
 Thou did'st with *Thespius* fifty daughters lie.
 That which grieves me was thy adultery,
 Which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,
 And on her did'st beget a bastard son,
 To whom I must a mother-in-law become.
 The winding River which they call *Meander*,
 Who in his turning bankes about doth wander,
 Hath seen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore
 On those shoulders which heavens weight once bore.
 Did'st thou not blush to wear a golden twist?
 Or bracelet made of pearl about thy wrist?
 Or that a golden bracelet should contain
 Thy brawny armes which had so stoutly slain
 The *Nemean* Lyon, whose rough shaggy hide
 Thou did'st weare on thy shoulder and left side?
 Nay besides this thou did'st descend to wear
 A Coif, or Kerchiffe on thy stubborn hair.

It

It were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd
 With victorious wreaths, than with a fillet bound.
 Yet as thou wert some young girle, thou hast
 Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy wast.
 Thou thought'st not of fiery *Diomed* as then,
 Who fed his horses with the flesh of men,
 Had *Buſiris* seen the drest thus, he would be
 Asham'd that he had been o'recome by thee.
Anteus may knock off his bolts, and chain,
 And set his neck at liberty again.
 For what captive is there with patience can
 Suffer under such an effeminate man?
 Besides, amongst the *Greecian* Maids ('tis said)
 That thou did'st sit, and spin, and wert afraid,
 Lest thy Mistress *Omphale*, when she espi'd thee,
 Idle by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.
 And thy victorious hands did not then scorne
 To spin, which once such labours did performe.
 For thou didst draw the thred, with thy huge Thumb,
 And gav'st account at night what thou hadst spun.
 Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
 With boysterous handling, both thy wheele and rock.
 And like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
 That of thy Mistress thou wert so afraid,
 That if she chid thee, thou would'st trembling stand,
 For fear of swadling with a Holly wand
 And to win favour, thou would'st often tell
 Of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceale.
 Discourſing unto her how thou hadst wonne
 Much honour, by those deeds which thou hadst done.
 How in thy child-hood thou didst boldly tear
 The *Hydra's* speckled jawes, which hideous were.
 How thou didst kill the *Erimanthean* Boar,
 Which on the ground lay weltring in his goare.

And

And then of *Diomedes* didst relate,
 Who nail'd the heads of men upon his gate;
 Fatt'ing his pamper'd Horses with their flesh,
 Untill thou didst his cruelty suppress;
 And how thou hadst the monster *Cacus* slain,
 That kept his flocks upon the hills of *Spain*;
 And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,
 Who by his snaky hair thou drag'dst from hell:
 And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slain,
 Whose heads being lopt off would grow forth again.
 And of *Anteus*, whom thou coust to death
 Between thy armes, and didst squeeze out his breath,
 And how the *Centaures* thou subdu'dst by force,
 That were halfe men, and halfe like to a Horse.
 When thou wert in soft silken robes arrai'd,
 To tell these stories wert not thou dismai'd?
 Didst thou think whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,
 That a womans habit did become thee well?
 While *Omphale* hath tooke thy Lyons skin
 Away from thee, and drest her selfe therein.
 To boast now of thy valour it is vain,
 For *Omphale* in thy stead playes the man:
 For she in valour doth exceed thee farre,
 Since she hath conquered the conquerour.
 And by subjecting thee, she now hath won
 The glory, which did unto thee belong.
 O shame to think! the skin which thou didst tear
 Off the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth wear.
 Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons spoile,
 Thou foil'dst the Lyon, she thy selfe doth soile.
 And she that only knoweth how to spin,
 To wear thy weapons also doth begin.
 She takes the conquering Club into her hand,
 And afterwards before her glasse will stand,

Viewing

Viewing herself, to see what she hath done;
If that her Husbands weapons her become.
I could not beleeve, when I heard it said,
The sad report unto my heart convey'd
Much grief, but now my wretched eyes beheld
The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd.
Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveal,
My grief and sorrow I cannot conceal.
Thou brought'st her through the City in despight;
Because I should behold the hated sight;
Not like a Captive, with her hair unbound,
And a dejected look fixt on the ground,
But of rich cloth of gold her garments were
Such as thy self in *Phrygia* did wear.
She in her passage graciously did look
On the people as if she had *Hercules* took.
As if her father liv'd and did command
Oechalia, which was rased by thy hand.
Deianira it may be thou wilt forsake,
And of thy former whore a wife wilt make;
So that *Hymen* shall both joyne the heart and hands
Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.
When in my mind these passages I behold,
My hands and limbs with feare grew stiffe and cold.
In me thou formerly didst take delight,
And for my sake two severall times didst fight.
Plucking off *Achelous* horn, who after
Did hide his head in his owne muddy water.
And *Nessus* was slain by the poison'd head
Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.
But O alas, I heard abroad by fame,
Thou art tormented with much grief and pain;
By the shirt dipt in his blood, which I sent thee,
But yet in deed no harme at all I meant thee.

If it be so, then what am I become ?
 What is it that my furious love hath done ?
 O *Deianira* straight resolve to die,
 So end at once thy grief and misery.
 Shall this same poison'd shirt tear off his skin ?
 And wilt thou live that hast the causer bin
 Of all his torment ? No, though not my life,
 My death shall shew that I was *Hercules* wife.
 And, *Meleager* ; I will shew thereby
 My selfe thy sister, I'm resolv'd to die.
 O unhappy fate ; O. *new* royall throne
 (My father who is very aged growne)
Agrus hath, *Tydeus* in forrain land
 Dorth wander still, and in the fatall brand
Meleager perish'd, and my mother kill'd
 Her self, and with her hand her owne blood spill'd.
 Then why doth *Deianira* doubt to die ?
 And so conclude this wicked Tragedie ?
 Yet this one suit to thee I only move ;
 And beg of thee for our former love ;
 That thou wouldst not beleeve, or think I meant
 To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.
 For when the cruell Centaure bleeding lay
 With thy arrow in his brest, he then did say,
 This blood if thou the vertue of it prove,
 Will cause affection, and procure true love.
 But now his treachery I have understood,
 For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd blouds
 And sent it, which hath caus'd thy misery ;
 O *Deianira* straight resolve to die.
 Farewell my father, *George* too farewell,
 Farewell my Brother, and Country where I dwell,
 And I do bid farewell to the day-light,
 Of which my eyes shall never more have sight.

Farewell to *Hyllus* my young little son,
 Farewell my husband; Death, I come, I come.



The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

Minos the son of *Jupiter* and *Europa* because the *Athenians* had treacherously slain his sonne *Androgeus*, enforced them by a sharpe warre to send him every yeare as a tribute, seven young Men, and

many young Virgins, to be devoured by the *Minotaur*, which by *Dædalus* Art *Pasiphaë* had by a Bull, while her husband *Minos* was at the *Athenian* warres. The lot falling on *Theseus*, he was sent amongst the rest, but *Ariadne* instructed him how to kill the *Minotaur*, and returne again out of the Labyrinth, as *Catullus* saith,

Errabunda regens tenuis vestigia filo.

Guiding his steps, which she led,

By a Clew of slender thred.

Afterward *Theseus* departing from *Crete* with *Ariadne* and *Phædra*, he arriv'd at the Isle *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* admonish'd him to leave *Ariadne*, and he accordingly left her when she was fast asleep. As-soone as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of *Theseus* cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitifull manner intreates him to come back again, and take her into his Ship.

A R I A D N E to T H E S E U S.

I Have found all kindes of beast much more milde
And gentle than thy self, who hast beguild
My trust : for it had been more safe for me,
To have beleev'd a salvage beast, than thee.
This Letter, *Theseus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run ;
When I was fast asleepe, then thou didst leave me ;
Watching that opportunity to deceive me :
It was at that time when the heavens strew
Upon the earth their sweet and pearly dew.
And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the coole boughs to tune their notes and sing :
I being halfe asleep and halfe awake.
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warme place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to imbrace :
I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about again, but there was none.
Then with my wretched hand I strooke my breast,
And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest.

The Moon shin'd bright so that I looked o're
 To the sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore.
 Now here, and there confusedly I ran,
 The heavy sand did my swift feet detain:
 At last I called *Theseus* on the shore;
 The hollow Rocks thy Name did back restore.
 The echo call'd as many times as I,
 And seem'd to help me in my misery.
 There was a Mountain topt with some few bushes,
 Under whose rocky sides the Sea still rushes,
 On it I clamber'd up, love gave me strength,
 Whence I could see farre unto sea at length:
 From hence (for I the winds did cruell find)
 Discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind;
 I saw it, or I thought I did behold
 It, which did make my heart halfe dead, and cold.
 Yet sorrow would not suffer me to lie
 Long in this Trance, but comming out of't I
 Cry'd out, O *Theseus*! whither dost thou run?
 Returne, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.
 Turne back thy ship again for to take me,
 Thou wantest one yet of thy company.
 Thus did I cry, and strike my brest betwixt,
 While blowes and words were both together mixt.
 Though thou could'st not hear me, yet I did stand
 Spreading my armes abroad upon the land,
 That thou mightst see me, and a white flag hung
 To make thee see me, who from me did'st run.
 Thy ship at last did saile quite out of my sight,
 And then the tears ran downe my cheeks outright.
 For how could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,
 After thy sailes out of my sight did slip?
 Abroad I wander'd with loose flowing hair,
 Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.

Sometimes

Sometimes I looking unto Sea would sit
 On a stone, as void as the stone of wit :
 Then to the bed I walkt, where we had lain,
 Which never should receive us more again,
 And it a pleasure unto me did seem,
 To touch the warm place, where thy limbes had been.
 And in the very place I downe would lie,
 With weeping teares, and thus begin to cry :
 Sweet bed, we both have lain on thee together,
 As two lay down, two should have risen together,
 But I on this forsaken Isle am left,
 Of men and all humanity bereft.
 The sea encompasseth this Island round,
 No ship or Pilot from this Isle is bound.
 Suppose I could a ship and wind command,
 I dare not saile back to my Fathers land.
 Though my ship through the smooth sea did glide on,
 And winds stood faire, I am baniht from home,
 And from *Creet*, that a hundred Cities had,
 Where *Iove* was nursed when he was a lad.
 I betrai'd my father, by that plot I fram'd,
 And countrey, where he long uprightly raig'n'd.
 And lest thou in the labyrinth had'st dy'd,
 Gave thee a Clue of threed thy steps to guide.
 By those past dangers thou did'st swear to me,
 That thou, while I did live, would'st constant be.
 I live, and find thee false, if 't may be said
 She lives, that by a false man is betray'd.
 Would thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my brother,
 Then in my death thou all my wrongs might'st smother.
 Now I conceive what I must suffer here,
 And what I may endure, doth urge my fear.
 A thousand shapes of death me thinks I see,
 The feare of death is worse then death can be.

Now lest some Wolfe should come, I am in fear,
 Who with his greedy teeth my limbs should tear:
 Perhaps this land doth yellow Lions breed,
 And cruell Tygers from this Isle proceed.
 Perhaps great Sea-calves on the shore abide,
 Or else the sword may pierce my tender side.
 Or like a Captive I may be enchain'd,
 And unto servile labour be constrain'd;
 Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose mother
 Was *Phæbus* daughter, which I need not smother.
 And that which rather should remember'd be,
 That I was once betrothed unto thee.
 If I look to the shoar, the land or sea,
 The sea and land do seem to threaten me.
 I to heaven, to the gods I dare not pray,
 But I am left unto the wild beasts a prey.
 The men that here inhabit I distrust,
 Being deceiv'd by thee my feares are just.
 I wish now that *Androgeos* did live,
 Whose death occasion of that tax did give.
 I wish, O *Theseus*, thy club had not slain
 The monster, halfe a beast, and halfe a man.
 Would I had not given thee a clew of thred,
 By which thy steps in comming back were led.
 I wonder not thou gott'st the victory,
 Or that this *Cretian* beast was slain by thee.
 Thou hadst an iron breast, which was so arm'd,
 So that thou could'st not by his hornes be harm'd.
 Sure an obdurate Adamant was in 't,
 And *Theseus* was all or'e as hard as flint.
 O cruell sleep! why did I slumbering lie?
 Would I had slept un'o eternity.
 O cruell winds! why did ye stand so faire,
 As if ye did desire to breed my care?

O cruell hand of thine ! which hath slain me,
 And my poor brother by infidelitie.
 My sleep, the wind, and thou did all conspire,
 And to betray a maid did all desire.
 Now at my death my Mother shall not weep,
 Nor close mine eyes up in eternall sleep.
 My haplesse ghost shall wander in the aire,
 To embalme my body no friend shall care.
 Sea-Vultures shall upon my carkasse lighte,
 For I shall have at all no Funerall Rite.
 But unto *Athens* when thou art come home,
 Then thou sitting upon thy royall Throne ;
 Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaure* didst slay,
 Out of the Labyriath finding the right way ;
 And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hast left
 Me on this Island, of all help bereft.
Ageus, nor yet *Aethra* cannot be
 Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.
 If from thy ship decks thou hadst spied me,
 My sad looks unto pity had mov'd thee.
 Think now thou seest me standing on a Rock,
 Whose chalkie sides the beating waves doe mock.
 See how my hair is or'e my shoulders spread,
 My garments wet with tears, that I have shed.
 And how my body trembling to and fro.
 Like shaking corne, which the North-wind doth blow ;
 Or like some misse-shap'd Letter I do stand,
 That hath been written by a trembling hand.
 To urge my merit I dare not presume,
 "No thanks are due to service that is done.
 Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me
 With death, because from death I saved thee.

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread,
Which with bearing my breast are wearied.
I entreat thee by my hair, which I doe spread,
And by my teares for thy unkindnesse shed,
Turne back thy ship, O *Theseus* for my sake,
Though I am dead, my carcasie with thee take.



The



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The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

Aeolus and *Canace*, the sonne and daughter of *Aeolus*, King of the winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over their incestuous fault, with naturall affection, *Canace* brought forth a sonne, and sending it out of the Court to be nurst abroad, the unhappy infant cryed, and so discovered it selfe to his Grandfather, who incensed with his childrens wickednesse, commanded the innocent Infant to bee

be cast forth unto Dogges : and by one of his guard sent a sword to *Canace*, as a silent remembrancer of her desert, wherewith shee killed her selfe. Yet before her death, shee declares by this Epistle to *Macareus*, who was fled into the Temple of *Apollo* her owne misfortune, entreating him to gather up shee childes bones, and lay them with hers in the same Urne or funerall Pitcher.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
 Receive this Letter blotted with my blood.
 My right hand holds a pen, my left a sword,
 My paper lies before me on the boord.
 Thus *Canace* doth to her brother write.
 This posture yeelds my father much delight:
 Who I do wish would a spectator be,
 As he is Author of my Tragedie.
 Who fiercer then winds blowing from the East,
 With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast.
 For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
 He's of his Subjects cruell disposition.
 Over the Northerne, and South windes he raignes,
 The wings of th' East and West windes he restraines.
 And yet although the winds he doth command,
 His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
 The kingdom of the winds he can restrain,
 " But over his owne vices cannot raign.
 For what although my Ancestors have been
 Unto the gods and *Jupiter* a kin?
 Now in my fearefull hand I hold a sword,
 That fatall gift, which must my death afford.
 O *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd,
 Before we were in close imbraces ty'd.
 More then a sister ought I did affect thee,
 More then a brother ought thou didst respect me.

For I did feele, how *Cupid* with his dart
 (Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.
 My colour straightway did wax green and pale,
 My stomack to my meat began to faile.
 I could not sleep, the night did seem a year,
 I often sigh'd, when no body did hear.
 Yet why I sigh'd, I no cause could show ;
 I lov'd and yet what love was did not know.
 My old Nurse found out how my pulse did move,
 And she first told me that I was in love:
 But then I blushed with a down-cast look,
 Which silent signes she for confession took.
 But now the burthen of my swelling womb
 Grew heavie, being to full ripenesse come.
 What herbs and medicines did not she, and I
 Use, to enforce abortive delivery,
 Conceal'd from thee ? Yet Art could not prevail,
 The quickned child grew strong, our Art did fail.
 And now nine Moons were fully gone and past,
 The tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast.
 I know not whence my sudden gripes did grow :
 Nor what paines belong'd to childbirth did know :
 I cry'd out, but my Nurse my words did stay,
 And stopt my mouth, as I there crying lay.
 What shall I do? gripes force me to complain,
 But my Nurse, and fear of crying out restrain.
 So that I did suppress my groanes, and cries,
 And drank the tears that flow'd down from my eies.
 While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
 Fearing my fault in death should be betray'd,
 Thou by my side most lovingly didst lie,
 Tearing thy hair to see my misery ;
 And with kind words thy sister thou didst cherish,
 Praying that two might not at one time perish.

And

And thou didst put me still in hope of life,
 Saying dear sister thou shalt be my wife.
 These words reviv'd me, when I was halfe dead,
 So that I presently was brought abed.
 Thou didst rejoyce, but fear did me affright,
 To hide it from my father *Æolus* sight.
 The carefull Nurse the new borne child did hide
 In Olive boughs, with swadling vine leaves ty'd,
 And so a solemne Sacrifice did faine.
 The people and my father beleev'd the same.
 Being neere the gate, the child that straight did cry,
 To his grandfather was betray'd thereby;
Æolus tearing forth the child, discries
 Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.
 As the sea trembles when light winds do blow,
 Or as an Aspen leafe shakes to and fro,
 Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make
 The bed whereon I lay begin to shake.
 He comes to me, my fault he doth proclame,
 And he could scarce from striking me contain.
 I could do nothing else but bluth, and weep,
 My tongue ty'd up with fear did silent keep.
 He commanded my son should be straightway
 Cast forth, and made to beasts and birds a prey.
 And then it cry'd, so that you would have thought,
 His crying had his Grandfather besought
 To pity him: what grief it was to me,
 Deere brother, you may ghesse, when I did see,
 When I saw my child carried to the Wood,
 To feed the mountain Wolves that live by blood,
 When thus my child unto the woods was sent,
 My father out of my bed-chamber went.
 Then I did bear my tender breast at last.
 And tore my cheeks, his sentence being past.

When

When straight way one of my Fathers Guard came in,
 And with a sad look did this message bring;
Æolus sends this sword, and doth desire
 Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
 His will (quoth I) be done, I'll use his sword,
 My fathers gift shall my sad death afford.
 O father, shall this sword the portion be,
 And dowry which you mean to give to me?
 O *Hymen* put out thy deceived light,
 And nimbly now betake thy selfe to fight.
 Yee Furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
 To light the wood at my sad funerall.
 O sisters, may you farre more happ'ly marry
 Than I, that by my owne fault did miscarry.
 Yet what could be my new-born babes offence,
 Which might his Grandfather to much incense?
 Of death, alas, he could not worthy be:
 For my offence he's punished for me.
 O Son! thou breed'st thy mother much annoy:
 No sooner bred, but beasts do thee destroy.
 O Son the pledge of my unhappy love,
 One day thy day of birth, and death doth prove.
 I had not time to imbalme thee with my tears,
 Nor in thy funerall fire to throw thy hairs,
 To give thee one cold kisse I had no power,
 For the wild greedy beasts did thee devoure.
 But I, sweet child, will straightway die with thee,
 I will not long a childlesse parent be.
 And thou, O brother, since it is in vain
 For me to hope to see thee once again;
 Gather the small remainder, which the wild
 And salvage beast have left of thy young child.
 And with his mothers bones, let them have room,
 Within one Urne, or in one narrow Tomb.

Weep

Weep at my funerall, who can reprove thee,
For shewing love to her that once did love thee?
And here at last I do intreat thee still,
To performe thy unhappy sisters will;
For I will kill my selfe without delay,
And so my fathers hard command obey.



The





The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

*J*ason being a lusty comely Young man, as soon as he arrived at Colchos, Medea the Daughter of *Etes* King of Colchos, and *Hecate*, fancied and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the booty he desired. Having gotten the golden fleece, he fled away with *Medea*. Her father *Etes* pursuing after them, she tears in peeces her brother *Abysrus* limbs, whom she had

had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered up his Sonnes bones. And so at length safely arriving in *Thessaly*, *Jason* renewed his father *Esous* age, by *Medeas* helpe : who also made *Pelias* daughters kill their father. For pretending that she would make him young, as shee had done *Esou*, shee perswaded his daughters, with a knife to let out all his black old blood, that she might infuse new fresh blood instead threof. His daughters having done so, *Pelias* straightway dyed. *Jason* hereupon, or for some other cause, repudiates *Medea*, and marries *Cressa* the daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*. *Medea* herewith enraged writes to *Jason*, expostulating with him of his ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge, unlesse he receive her again.

M E D E A to J A S O N.

A T that time Queen of *Corinth* I did raig,
 When thou did seek by my art help to gain.
 I wish my threed of life, which then was spun
 By the three sisters, had been cut and done.
 Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent,
 My life since then hath been a punishment.
 Woe's me that ere the lusty youth of Greece
 Sail'd hither, for to fetch the golden fleece.
 Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seen,
 Would the Grecians ne're on our shoar had been :
 Why was I with thy lovely browne hair took ?
 Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look ?
 Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,
 Bringing thy selfe, with gallants many more ;
 I might have let thee run and found a death
 By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
 I might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
 That the sower might by his owne tillage die,
 When each eare of corne did prove an enimie.

They

They had prevented then thy treachery;
 And kept me both from grief and misery.
 To upbraid thy ingratitude pleases me,
 In this alone I can triumph o're thee.
 For when thy ship arrived at the shore
 Of *Colchos*, where it nere had been before,
 O then *Medea* was beloved there
 Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here.
 My father was as rich as hers, he reign'd
 O're *Corinth*, which 'twixt two seas is contain'd.
 My father possess'd all the land which lay
 Between *Ponius*, and snowy *Scythia*.
 My father did thy Grecians entertain,
 Affording lodging to thee, and thy train;
 I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
 And then thy love did set my heart on fire.
 I saw thee, and that sight to love did turne,
 While my heart did like a great Taper burn,
 Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
 And thy faire eyes my eyes did captivate.
 Which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceal?
 Whose glowing flame doth it owne self reveale.
 My father then commanded thee to yoke
 Those Oxen, that were to the plough ne're broke.
 For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose hornes were
 Sharp, and their breath did like a flame appear.
 They had brasse hooves, and nostrils arm'd with brasse,
 Blackt with the breath that thorough them did passe.
 And thou wert bid to sow in the large field
 That seed, with did an armed people yeeld.
 Which sprung up, would assaile thee straight again;
 Thou for thy harvest such a crop should'st gain.
 And thy last labbur was, to charme asleep
 The Dragon, that the golden fleece did keep.

When *Æetes* said thus, you all straight rose,
 And every one much discontentment shoves.
 So that you did your purple seats forsake,
 And then the Table they away did take.
 Great *Creons* daughter thou didst now contemne,
 And *Creusas* dowry could not help thee then.
 Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
 Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,
 And as thou went'st away, this one word fell,
 In a soft murmure from my tongue; Farewell.
 And when I went to bed, I never slept,
 Wounded with love, all night I griev'd and wept.
 The fierce Bulls where alwayes before my eyes,
 And the arm'd men which from the earth did rise;
 And then the watchfull Dragon did affright
 My senses, and was still before my sight.
 Thus love, and fear, my breast at once did trouble,
 My love of thee did make my fear to double.
 At last it chanc'd that early in the morning,
 My loving sister came and found me mourning,
 And lying on my face, with all my hair
 Loose spread, the pillow wet wit many a tear.
 Shee and two sisters more did me invade,
 With fair entreaties, for to help and aide
Jason, and his *Thesſalians*, who did want
 My assistance; I in love their suit did grant.
 There is a wood so darke with thick-leav'd trees,
 That the bright Sun but seldom through it sees:
 There doth a Chappell of *Diana's* stand,
 Whose golden statue there was rudely fram'd.
 I know not whether this place is by thee
 Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
 We being thither come, thou then did'st break
 Thy mind to me, and thus beganst to speak.

My life and fortunes are at thy command,
 My life and death are both within thy hand.
 You may let me perish if so be you will,
 But 'tis more noble to preserve then kill.
 Then by my present sorrowes I entreat,
 Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.
 By thy kindred, and Uncle *Phæbus*, who
 Sees all things, that on the earth we mortall do;
 By *Dian's* triple-face, and sacred rites,
 And gods wherein this Nation delights.
 O Vitgin have some pity at this time
 On me, and make me so for ever thine.
 And though I cannot hope the gods should be;
 So kind and favorable unto me;
 Yet if you would be pleased now to take
 A *Thessalian*, and him a husband make,
 Then I do promise, I will faithfull be,
 And vow, that I will marry none but thee.
 Let *Juno* be a witnessse to my vow,
 And *Dian'* in whose Temple we are now.
 Thou took'st me by the hand, these words of thine
 A Maidens fancy did straightway incline,
 For such thy language was, as soon did move
 My honest heart to entertain thy love.
 By thy deceitfull teares I was betray'd,
 For they had power to betray a Maid,
 So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoak,
 I taught thee how to tame, and how to yoak.
 And thou did'st sowe the Dragons teeth for seed,
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed.
 I, that did give thee those securing charms,
 Grew pale to see those new-sprung men in armes.
 When straight those earth-bred brethren there in sight,
 Did slay each other in a bloody fight.

The watchfull Dragon now the earth did sweep,
 While he upon his scaly breast did creep.
 Where was the Dowry of thy royall Wife ?
 Or King of *Corinth* ? could they save thy life ?
 No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
 And as a poor Enchantresse disrespected.
 I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes asleep,
 That thou might'st get the Fleece which he did keep.
 My Father I betray'd, and I forsook
 My Country, and with thee a voyage took.
 Though my life a sad banishment should be,
 I was content to wander still with thee.
 Thou of my Maiden-head did'st me deceive,
 Who my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
 Yet I left not my Brothers; at that name,
 Me thinks my pen stands still for very shame;
 I fear to write that, which I did not fear
 To do, 'twas I that did in peeces tear,
 Thy scattered limbes, and when I had done so,
 Guilty of thy blood, unto sea did go.
 And would the gods had drown'd us in the sea,
 Thou for deceit, I for credulity.
 I would our ship as it along had past,
 Our joyned bodies on some rock had dash'd.
 Or breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,
Scylla should punish such ungratefull men.
 I wish *Charybdis* had then pleased been,
 With his round whirling waves to suck us in.
 But thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
 Offering the golden fleece which thou hast won,
 Unto the gods. What should I mention
Pelias Daughters, whose intention
 I wrong'd and made their virgin hands to kill
 Their aged Father and his blood to spill?

Though

Though others blame me, thou must praise me needs,
 Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
 Yet thou hast cast me off now ne're the lesse,
 O I want words, that may my grief expresse !
 When thou did'st bid me go, I did obey
 Thy cruell doome, and forthwith went away
 With my two Children, forth along went I,
 And love which alwayes bears me company.
 But when I did of thy late mariage hear,
 Where *Hymens* Torches burnt bright and clear ;
 And that sweet musick, with new mariage songs
 Proclaim'd your wedding, and thy unkind wrongs ;
 I fear'd, and yet could not the newes beleeve ;
 Yet coldnesse to my breast did cleave.
 But when I heard them *Io Hymen* cry,
 The more they cry'd, more was my misery.
 My servants wept, and yet they hid their tears,
 To bring this sad newes to me each one fears.
 And I do wish I had not known it still,
 But yet my mind did prophesie some ill.
 When my young Son desirous for to see
 Some novelty, as children use to be,
 Standing at the door, did begin to cry,
 Come mother, see my father passing by :
 My father *Jason*, who in pomp doth ride
 In's Chariot, with his new married Bride ;
 Then I did beat my breast, my clothes I rent,
 To tear my cheeks my fingers then were bent.
 My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
 And thrust my selfe among the bridall throng.
 And having snatcht thy garland from thy head,
 My armes about thy middle to have spread ;
 And took possession of that at that time,
 And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.

Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brothers ghost hath these infernals had.
For now I am forsaken, left, and crost,
My Country, House, and Kingdome I have lost:
Nay, I have lost my Husband too, and he
Was a kingdome of contentment unto me.
I that both Dragons, and wild Bulls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquered again.
I that could quench hot fire with learned charmes,
Can't quench the fire of love which my breast warms.
My charmes and Art, and Potions do deceive me.
And *Hecates* witchcrafts cannot now releeve me:
Methinks that I do hate the dayes fair light,
And sorrow makes me lie awake all night,
And seldome is my miserable breast
With any quiet gentle sleep refresh'd.
I made the Dragon fast asleep to fall,
But Art hath on my selfe no power at all.
A whore embraces him, whom I preserv'd,
She reapes the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.
And perhaps, whil'st thou striv'st to please the care
Of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth here
With admiration, thou dost then disgrace,
Either my behavior, or homely face.
While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,
And doth rejoyce at my deformity.
Let her laugh, and lie downe upon her quilt,
She shall weep, when she hath my anger felt.
Medea will by sword, or poyson be
Revenge'd on her hated enemy.
But if unto my prayers thou would'st attend,
Unto entreaties I would now descend.
I will a suppliant become to thee
Even at thy feet, as thou hast been to me.

If thou wilt not pity me, for my owne sake,
 Yet on my Children some compassion take,
 Their Stepmother will most unkindly use them,
 Nay, and perhaps most cruelly abuse them.
 For they too much, alas, resemble thee,
 In them thy living picture I can see.
 And since they are of thee a living Type,
 When I behold them, I am weeping ripe.
 I intreat thee by the gods, and the Sun
 My Uncle, and by that which I have done
 For thy sake, and by my two Children deare,
 Which the pledges of our true affection were;
 Return to my bed, who left all for thee,
 Be constant, as thou didst promise to me.
 Against fierce Bulls thy aid I do not seek,
 Or to charme the watchfull Dragon fast asleep.
 Thee I desire, whom I deserved have,
 By Children had by thee, thee I do crave.
 If thou desir'st a Dowry, I did yeeld
 A Dowry which was told out in the field,
 Which I did make thee plough, while thou did'st stay
 Only to bear the Golden fleece away.
 My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had
 This golden fleece, and was so richly clad.
 This was my Dowry, and should I aske thee
 To restore it back, thou would'st deny it me.
 My Dowry was the preserving thy selfe,
 Can Creons Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
 That thou do'st live and hast another Bride,
 It was my gift, else thou had'st surely dy'd.
 And it was I, that gave thee life to be
 Thus thanklesse, and ungratefull unto me.
 I will revenge—yet what doth it pertain
 Unto revenge, if I my wrath proclaim?

And tell what punishments on you shall light ?
60 The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
I will follow as my rage doth lead me on,
Though I repent the act when it is don.
For I repent that I should e're preserve
A man, that doth so ill of me deserve.
The winged God hath seen from the blew skie
My wrongs, my sorrows and my injury.
And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
To plot, and act e're long some Tragick part.

*The*



The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Prothlas the Sonne of *Iphylus* sailing, as *Homer* reports, with forty ships to *Troy*, was shut up with the rest of the *Grecians*, in *Aulis* Haven of *Bassia*, which when his Wife *Laodamia*, the Daughter of *Leontus* and *Laodamia* understood, she dearly loving her husband, and being troubled much with dreames, writ this Epistle unto him: admonishing him to remember the Oracle, and abstaine from the warres.

warres. For the Oracle had given this answer to the *Grecians*, that he should perish, that first went a shoar, and set foot upon the *Trojan* ground, But courageous *Protesilaus* was the first that landed, and was slain by *Hector*.

LAODAMIA TO PROTESILAUS.

L *Aodamia* doth to thee send health,
 Wishing that she might come to thee her selfe.
 I hear that thou in *Aulis* art wind-bound,
 Would I had of the winds such favour found,
 To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
 Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.
 Then I had kiss'd thee oftner, and at large
 Had spoken more and given thee thy charge.
 But when the wind stood fair, thou could'st not stay,
 For it did drive thy swelling sayles away.
 Thy Mariners had what they did require,
 It was not I, that did this wind desire.
 The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,
 Stood cross'd for thee, and I, that lovers were.
 And me from *Protesilaus* did divide,
 While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
 My broken words short of my meaning fell,
 I scarce had time to speake this word, farewell.
 For the North wind thy hollow sailes did stretch,
 And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
 I lookt as long as I thy ship could see,
 And I did send a long look after thee.
 When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
 Thy ship, and to behold it pleased mee:
 But when both thee, and thy swift sailing ship,
 Out of my sight did both together slip,
 A sudden darknesse in my eyes I found,
 And presently I fell downe in a swoond.

o that my mother and old *Acastus* too,
 although much diligence they both did show,
 could fetch me back to life, although at last,
 cold water they into my face did cast.
 Their needlesse love was thus express'd, but I
 am sorry that they did not let me die :
 For when my senses did returne again,
 my love returned too with a new flame;
 And chaste affection could not spare my brest ;
 Those who do love, must never hope to rest.
 Now I took no delight to dresse my hair,
 nor to weare rich apparell took I care.
 And as those women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd
 with a touch of his Viny staffe, and fir'd
 their bosomes, that they runne now here, now there;
 such did I in my furious rage appeare.
 The talking wives of *Phylace* did come
 to comfort me, and thus their speech begun.
Adamia courage take, put on
 thy royall robes as may your birth become.
 As ! shall I in purple robes delight,
 while that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight?
 Shall I my hair in curious manner dresse,
 while a weighty Helmet doth his hair presse?
 Shall I in new apparell gay appeare,
 while my lord doth a Coat of Armour wear?
 While thou art at the warres, like one forlorne
 carelesse habit I at home will mourne.
Paris, thou that wast borne to destroy
 with thy fresh beauty the old City *Troy*,
 while thou wert a wanton guest, may'st thou be
 toward, and a milksop enemye.
 Could *Helena* had not unto thee seem'd
 so faire, nor she thy beauty so esteem'd.

O *Menelaus*, thou with earnest strife
 Dost labour to regain again thy Wife.
 Woe's me, I fear thy sad revenge will make
 Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake.
 The gods from all ill fortune us defend,
 That my returning husband may commend
 His armes to *Jupiter* : but when I muse
 Or think upon the warres, I cannot chuse
 But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,
 Like snow when it is melted by the sun.
 When of *Ilium*, or *Tenedos* I hear,
 Those names do put me in a sudden fear.
 When of *Simois*, and *Xanthus* I have heard,
 Or *Ida*, these strange names make me afeard.
 Nor had *Paris* stole *Helen*, if at length
 He meant to resigne her, he knew his strength.
 For she did come in royall robes of gold,
 Adorn'd with Jewels glorious to behold.
 And with a warlike fleet to *Troy* she came,
 The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her train.
 And as *Helen* was fetched by this Fleet,
 So I feare it should with the *Grecians* meet.
 There is one *Hector*, of whom I do hear,
 A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.
 For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright
 The *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.
 If I be she whom thou do'st love most deare,
 Take heed of *Hector*, him I only fear.
 His name doth fill my thoughts with much unrest,
 And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.
 And as thou shunnest him, so also shun
 Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
 And as oft as thou do'st prepare to fight,
 Say to thy self these words, which I do write :

damia charg'd me care to take,
 and keep my selfe from danger for her sake.
 the *Grecians* rase *Troy* unto the ground,
 y't thou come from the siege with ne're a wound.
Menelaus with the *Trojans* fight,
 and take from *Paris Helena*, his right.
 and when he chargeth on the enemy,
 his good cause give him the victory.
 behov'd *Menelaus* with stout blowes
 to fetch his wife from the insulting foes;
 thy case unto his is farre unlike,
 and therefore I do wish thee so to fight,
 that when the wars are done, thou maist return,
 and in my loving bosome lie full warme.
Trojans I intreat you to spare one
 all those enemies against you come;
 every drop of blood that doth proceed
 from his veines, from my veines doth also bleed.
Protesilaus no strong blowes can strike
 with his drawn sword, nor stand the push of Pike;
Menelaus fight, whom rage doth move,
 others fight, let *Protesilaus* love.
 I must needs confesse I had a mind
 to have call'd him back, but no strength could find,
 my tongue stopp'd, before the words were spoken,
 and my speech broke off, which was a bad token.
 and at the threshold of thy Fathers gate
 my foot did stumble, and did trip thereat,
 which hath been alwayes counted for a signe,
 whereby we may of some ill luck divine.
 which when I did behold, I was afraid,
 and thus unto my selfe in secret said:
 hope the stumbling of his foot shall be,
 signe, my Husband shall return to me.

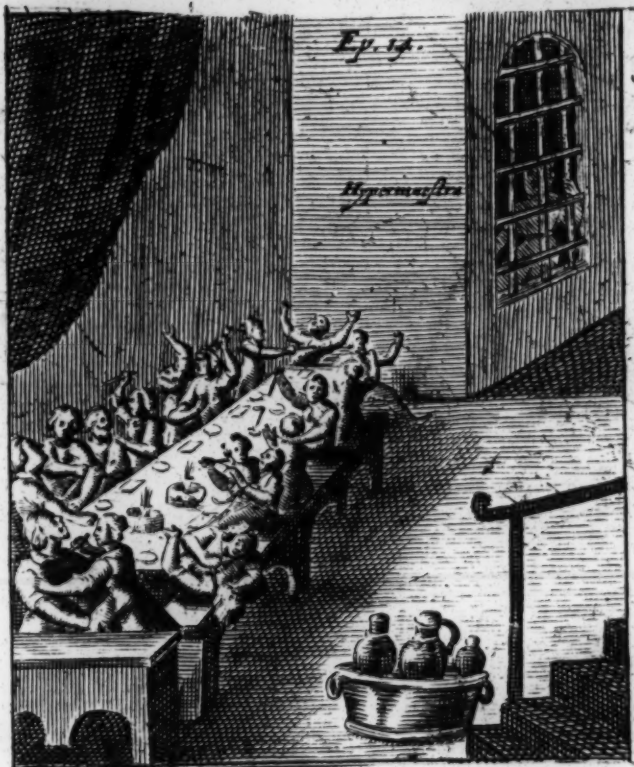
These

These things unto thee I do now relate,
That I thy courage may thereby abate.
And I do wish, that I at last may find,
The feares are yain, which now molest my mind.
Besides the *Oracles* say, he who shall
Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall
First by the sword: unhappy sure is she,
That by the wars shall the first widow be.
Heaven defend thee, that thou may'st not shew
Thy valour, lest thy valour I doe rue.
Let thy ship be the last to shore doth stand,
Let thy ship be the last doth come to land.
Of all that goes on shore be thou the last,
Unto thy Fathers land thou doest not hast.
But when thou comest back, then do not faile
To use thy Oares, and clap on all thy saile.
Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,
And on the welcome shore most nimbly skip.
When *Phæbus* lyeth hid, or shines most bright,
I think upon thee, both by day, and night.
Yet more on thee by night than day, for night
Is the sweet time, that yeeldeth Maids deligbr.
For then they lye within their Sweet-hearts arme,
Who with their close embraces keep them warme;
While in my Widowes bed I lye at pleasure,
Wanting true joy, I think on former leasure.
And then a dreame doth yeeld me some delight,
Sometimes again my dreames do me affright.
Me-thinkes I see thee with a visage pale,
Telling to me a sad and mournfull tale.
Then waking out of my blacke dream, I rise,
And for thy safety offer sacrifice
With frankincense, which I with teares bedew,
So that in burning, it doth brighter shew.

As when we poure oyle to a dying flame,
 It doth begin to rise, and blaze againe.
 O when will that most happy season come !
 That I shall embrace thee at comming home,
 Which such a sweet excesse of joy, till I
 Languish with pleasure, and embracing die.
 When wilt thou tell me, when we are a bed,
 How many thou in war hast conquered ?
 And in the midd'ft of thy sweet story leave,
 To kisse me, and a kisse from me receive ;
 While that a kisse is the full point to stay
 Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
 But when I think of *Troy*, the Seas, and wind,
 Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind.
 And I do feare, because thy ships are stay'd
 By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.
 Who will saile with crosse wind to his owne land ?
 Thou from thy Country sail'st, when windes withstand.
Neptune will not permit you for to come
 Unto his City, and therefore come home.
 Spare going (*Grecians*) the windes do forbid,
 And some divine power in the wind is hid.
 By these warres you seek only to regain
 An Adulteress, ô turne your ships again !
 But why should I recall thee back thus now ?
 Let calme winds smoothe again the Seas rough brow.
 I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall
 With grief behold their husbands funerall.
 On her husbands head the new married Bride
 Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
 His armour close unto him, and doth make
 Him ready, she a kisse from him shall take.
 Such dutifull imployment is a blisse,
 Her service is rewarded with a kisse.

And

And being arm'd compleatly, then at large
She may give to him a most loving charge:
Charging him as he tendereth her love,
To return, and offer his armes to *Jove*.
And he obeying her command will be
Carefull to fight abroad more warily.
And when he cometh home, she will unlace
His helmet, and him in her armes embrace.
To me in absence fear doth sorrow bring,
And I conceive the worst of every thing.
Yet while that thou unto the wars are gont;
I have thy Picture made in wax at home.
And fondly unto it I often talk,
And do embrace it, as by it I walk.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,
Could it speak, it *Protesilaus* were.
On it I look, and often it behold,
And for thy sake do in my armes enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complain,
As if thy Picture could reply again.
By thee in whom my Soule alone delights,
By our true love, and equall mariage rites;
And by thy life which I do wish you may
Bring back, although thy hair be turned gray;
I vow if thou pleasest to send to me,
I will obey and straightway come to thee,
For whether thou do'st chance to live, or die,
In life and death I'll beare thee company.
Of my letter this shall the conclusion be,
Take care of thy selfe if thou car'st for me.



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Sonne of *Belus*, had by severall Wives fifty Daughters, unto whom his brother *Egyptus* desired to marry his fifty Sonnes, but *Danaus* having beene informed by the *Oracle*, that hee should dye by the hands of a Sonne in law, to avoid that danger, hee takes ship, and sailes to *Argos*. *Egyptus* being angry because hee had despised his offer, sent his Sonnes with an army to besiege him, charging

H

charging them not to returne untill they had slain *Danaus*, or married his Daughters. He enforced by siege yeeldeth up his Daughters, where with the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night when the young men warm'd with wine and iollity were fallen fast asleepe, every one killed her husband, except *Hypermnestra* onely, who out of compassion spared and preserved her Husband *Linus*, whom *Eusebius* call d *Lyncus*, advising him to returne to his father *Aegyptus*, and discovered [the] conspiracy. But her Father *Danaus* perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloody obedience, excepting *Hypermnestra*, he commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle shee entreates her Uncle and Husband *Linus*, whom she had preserved, either to help her, and free her from her Captivity, or if shee dye to see her honorably buried, But at last *Linus* killed *Danaus*, and set her at liberty.

HYPERMNESTRA TO LINUS.

H*Ypermnestra* sends to thee who do'st remain
 Of many brothers by their owne Wives slain.
 I for thy sake am in close Prison pent,
 And for saving thee do endure punishment.
 I am guilty because I did spare thy blood,
 "A prosperous wickednesse is counted good.
 Yet I repent not, since that I had rather
 Keep my hand free from blood, than please my father.
 Though my father in that sacred fire may
 Burne me, which we toucht on our wedding day,
 Or with those Torches he may burne my face,
 Which on our wedding-day did brightly blaze,
 Or although he do kill me with that sword,
 Because to kill thee I could not afford.
 He shall not make me say, that I repent
 Of a good work, it is not my intent.
 I am griev'd for my sisters cruell fact,
 "For sad repentance followes a bad act.

The sad remembrance of that bloody night,
 Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.
 My husband could not by my hand have dy'd,
 Which shakes, while I this murther would describe.
 Yet I will try : It was about twilight,
 Which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
 When as we fifty sisters were brought all,
 With royall state into the Castle hall.
 Whereas *Ægyptus*, without dread or feare,
 Receiv'd us for his Daughters, who arriv'd were.
 The flaming Tapers shin'd like starres in heaven,
 And sweet incense unto the fire was given.
 The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
 But from this fatall marriage he did flie.
 And *Juno* did from her owne City run,
 Faire *Argos*, that she might this wedding shun,
 And now the young mens drunken heads were bound
 About with flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
 The Bridemen with great joy, dreading no danger,
 Did bring them to their fatall bridall chamber,
 And laid their heavie bodies on the bed,
 On which they were like funerall hearfes spread ;
 They being now with wine and sleep oppress'd,
 And all the City quiet, and at rest,
 Me thought the groanes of dying men I heard,
 And so it was, whereat I grew affear'd.
 So that my warme blood, and my colour fled,
 And left my body cold upon the bed.
 As soft and gentle westerne winds doe make
 The corne to move, and *Aspin* leaves to shake:
 So I trembled, while thou laidst at that time
 Entranc'd with drinking sleep-procuring wine.
 Thinking to obey my fathers sad command
 I sare up, and took the sword in my hand ;

The truth I speak, three times I rais'd the sword
 To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhor'd.
 My fathers command did my courage whet;
 So that his sword unto thy throat I set.
 But fear and love would not let me proceed,
 My chaste hand would not act that Tragick deed.
 Then of my hair I tore the flaxen wealth,
 And softly thus did reason with my selfe:
Hypermetra, thou hast a cruell father,
 Therefore obey his commands the rather,
 Take courage, and obey thy fathers will,
 And boldly with the rest thy husband kill.
 Yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
 Unfit to act a bloody Tragedie.
 Yet imitate thy sisters now again,
 Who have by this time all their husbands slain.
 Yet if this hand a murder could commit,
 To stain it with my owne blood it were fit.
 Doe they deserve death because they possesse
 Our fathers kingdome? which yet ne' rethelless
 Some strangers might from him away have carried,
 As dowries given them when we were married.
 Though they deserve death, what shall we do lesse,
 If we commit this deed of wickednesse?
 Maids doe not love a sword, or killing toole,
 My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll.
 Having thus complain'd, my tears began to rise,
 And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
 And while thy armes about me thou didst put,
 Thy hand thou with the sword hadst almost cut.
 And lest my father should surprise, and take thee,
 With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
 Rise *Linus*, who dost now alone survive,
 Of all thy brethren none are left alive:

Make hast, I say, betake thy selfe to flight,
 Make hast, or else thou wilt be slain to night,
 Awak'd from sleep, thou didst amazed stand,
 To see the glittering sword shine in my hand;
 And I did wish thee for to fly away
 By night, and save thy selfe, while I did stay.
 In the morning when *Danaus* came to view
 His sons, which his most bloody daughters slew;
 He saw them laid in deaths eternall slumber,
 Yet one was wanting to make up the number:
 And angry that so little blood was spill'd,
 And because I my husband had not kill'd;
 My father without any love or care,
 Drag'd me along even by my flaxen haire.
 And straightway did command I should be cast
 Into prison, this was my reward at last.
 For *Juno* still on us doth bend her brow,
 Since *Io* was transform'd into a Cow.
 Yet punishment enough by her was borne,
 When *Juno* did her to a Cow transforme.
 When she that was so fair, could not in height
 Of pleasure yeeld great *Jupiter* delight,
 On the bank of the River *Inachus* now
 She stood, cloth'd in the shape of a white Cow.
 While in her fathers stream both clear and cold,
 The shadow of her hornes she did behold;
 And low'd aloud, when she to speak assai'd,
 Her shape and voice did make her both afraid.
 Why dost thou flie from thy owne selfe alas?
 Or admire thy shape in that watry glasse?
 Thus she that was great *Jupiters* chief Lasse,
 Enforc'd to feed on dry leaves and grasse.
 Thou drink'st spring water, and art in a maze,
 When on thy shadow thou do'st look and gaze.

And of those spreading hornes which thou dost bear
Upon thy head thou seem'st to stand in fear ;
And shee whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
Now lyeth every night on the bare ground,
O're hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
O're seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
And yet, *O Io*, thou canst not escape,
Or changing places, change thy outward shape.
Thy selfe doth follow, while that thou dost flye,
Thy selfe doth alwayes beare thee company ;
Where *Nilus* seven streames to the sea run,
There she unto her former shape did come.
But why should I such ancient Tales relate ?
I have cause to complaine of my owne fate.
My Father and my Uncle doe wage warre,
And we out of our kingdome banisht are ;
And he our royall Scepter now doth sway,
While miserable we like pilgrims stray :
Of fifty brethren thou alone are left,
For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
My sisters and my brothers both slain were,
For whose sakes I can't chuse but shed a tear.
And because thou in safety dost survive,
To be tormented I am kept alive.
What punishment shall they expect that be
Guilty ? when they for goodnesse condemne me.
And I must die because I would not spill
My brothers bloud, and cruelly him kill.
If therefore thou respectest me thy wife,
Or lovest me, because I sav'd thy life ;
Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,
To lay my body on the funerall fire.
Enbalme my bones with thy moist tears, and then
See that thou carefully do burie them.

A

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
My Sepulchre, or on my Marble-stone,
Hypermnestra here underneath doth lye,
That was ill rewarded for her piety.
For she most like unto a faithfull wife,
Did lose her owne, to save her husbands life.
My trembling hand istired with the weight
Of chaines, or else I would more largely write.



H 4

The





The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

PARIS, otherwise called *Alexander*, sailing to *Lacedaemon* to fetch *Helena*, which *Venus* had promised him, was honourably received by *Menelaus*. But *Menelaus* and *Minos* kindred, going to *Greece* to divide *Atræus* his wealth, left *Paris* at home, charging his wife to use him with as much respect as himselfe. But *Paris* improving the opportunity, began to wooe and court *Helena* to gaine her love. In this

this Epistle he artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous boasting endeavours to insinuate into her affection. And because hee knew that women love to heare their birth and beauty praised, *Paris* endeavours by flattery to gain her favour, urging her praises, and striving to disgrace her husband. And at last perswades her to goe with him to *Troy*, where he would keep her by force.

PARIS to HELENA.

Paris, sweet *Helen*, wisheth health to thee,
 That health, which you can only give to me.
 Shall I speake? or need not I my flame reveale?
 You know I love you, nor can I conceale
 My love which I could wish might hidden be,
 Till time did give me opportunity,
 Without all fear most freely to discover
 My selfe to be your faithfull constant Lover.
 But yet who can the fire of love conceale?
 Which by 'its owne light doth it selfe reveale.
 Yet if thou look'st that I my grief should name,
 Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame;
 And I intreat you to have pity on me,
 Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
 With a frowning countenance read not the rest,
 But such as may become thy beauty best.
 Thy receipt of my Letters joyeth me,
 And cherish hope, that I at last shall be
 Receiv'd into thy favour, which I wish,
 That *Venus* may her promise keep in this.
 For Loves fair mother first perswaded me,
 To take this journey, in hope to gain thee;
 And lest thou should'st through ignorance offend,
 By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus perswaded me to undertake
 This journey, which she would propitious make.

For

For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.

For her perswasions made me to take ship
From *Troy*, and unto *Lacedemon* slip.

And she did make the wind most faire to stand,
She that's sprung from the sea might it command.

And as she smooth'd the sea, and calm'd the wind,
So may she make thy breast most soft and kind.

I did not find love here, I brought the flame
With me, and to obtaine thy love I came.

By wandring stormes I was not hither drove,
My ship was guided hither by true love.

Nor came I hither like a merchant man,
I have wealth enough, the gods it maintain.

Nor yet the Grecian Cities here to view,
For richer in my Kingdome I can shew.

'Tis thee I aske, 'tis thee I only crave,
Whom *Venus* promis'd me, that I should have.

I askt thee of her, when I did not know thee,
She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee,

For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
Before my eye had e're beheld the same;

Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupids* Bowe

With feathered arrowes makes me cry *Amo*.

Since by unchanged fates 'tis so ordain'd,

Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.

And that you may beleeve it is my fate,

Receive the truth, which I will here relate.

When that my mother was with child of me,

And daily did expect delivery;

She dream't, for in her dreame it so did seeme,

That of a firebrand she had deliver'd been.

She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold

Her dreame, which he unto his Prophets told,

Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy,
 And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
 But I do think they rather might divine,
 That brand did signifie this love of mine.
 And though I like a Shepherds son was bred,
 My shape, and spirit soon discovered
 That I had not been borne the son of earth,
 But that I claim'd nobility by birth.
 In the *Idean* vallies there's a place,
 Which many trees with a coole shade do grace.
 Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Oxe,
 Nor Goats, that love to climbe upon high Rocks.
 Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
 I stood, and lean'd my self against a tree.
 The truth I tell, me thought the earth then shook,
 As if oppressed with some heavie foot.
 And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies
 Descended downe, and stood before mine eyes.
 And therefore what I saw, I may unfold,
 The god had in his hand a rod of gold.
 And three goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
 Did set their tender feet upon the grasse.
 Then cold amazement stiffened my long haire,
 But winged *Mercurie* bid me not to feare.
 "Thou art, saies he, chosen to judge, and end
 "The matter, 'twixt these goddesses, who contend
 "About their beauty; say then, which shall be
 "Accounted the most beautifull of the three.
 This message I from *Jupiter* do bring,
 Which having said, he from the earth did spring,
 And through the aire did a quick passage make,
 And by his words I did more courage take.
 So that my mind more fortified grew,
 And dreadlesse I each one of them did view,

Who

Who unto me so beautifull did appear,
I could not judge, which of them fairest were.
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love.
But they contending which should fairest be,
Did all with most rich gifts sollicite me.
Juno did fairely promise I should be
A mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me
Learning, so that a doubt did now arise,
Whether I would chuse to be great, or wise.
But *Venus* smiling then, *Paris*, sayes she,
Those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be.
I'll give thee *Helena*; thou shalt hereafter
In thy armes imbrace *Leda's* faire Daughter.
Thus both her gift, and beauty conquer'd me,
So that to her I gave the victory.
And afterward my fate so kind was growne,
That now to be the kings sonne I was knowne.
At my instalment all the Courts did joy,
Kept in a yearly festivall in *Troy*.
And as I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,
But for thy sake I would not match with any.
Kings and Dukes daughters did of me approve,
And fairest Nymphs with me did fall in love.
Yet all of them were but despis'd of me,
After I had this hope of marrying thee.
Day and night in my mind I thee did keep,
And thinking on thee I should fall asleep.
How comely would thy presence sure have been,
Whose beauty wounded me although unseen ?
I was enflamed with a strange desire,
Burning when I was absent from the fire.
My hopes I could no longer now contain,
But to sea put forth, my wish to obtain ;

And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fell'd,
 And trees for building ships most fitting held.
 The woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ida* did yeeld
 Great store of trees, wherewith I ships did build.
 I built their decks, and lined the ships side
 With planks of Oake, which might a storme abide;
 And I did rig, and tackle them beside,
 With ropes, and sayles which to the yards were ty'd;
 And I did set on the sterne of the ship,
 The Image of those gods which did it keep.
 And on my owne ship I did make them paint
Venus and *Cupid*, that it might not want
 Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
 By her assistance I should marry thee.
 Soon as my fleet was builded thus, and fram'd,
 To sea I presently resolv'd to stand.
 My father and mother, when I did require
 Their leave to goe, would not grant my desire,
 Or licence me, and therefore to have staid
 My intended journey, both of them assai'd.
 My sister *Cassandra* with loosen'd haire,
 When as my ships even weighing anchor were,
 Said, whither goest thou? thou shalt bring again,
 By crossing the seas, a destroying flame.
 The truth she said, for I have found a fire,
 Love hath enflam'd my iost breast with desire.
 A fair wind from the Port my sailes did drive,
 And I in *Helens* country did arrive.
 Where thy husband did me much kindnesse shew,
 And sure the gods decreed it should be so.
 He shew'd me all that worthy was of sight
 In *Lacedemon*, to breed me delight.
 But there was nothing that my fancy took,
 But only thee and thy sweet beauteous look:

For

And

For when I saw thee, I was even amaz'd.
 My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd.
 For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
 When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
 And if thou hadst contended with her, I
 Had surely given thee the victorie.
 For the report of thee abroad was blowne,
 Thy beauty was in every Country knowne.
 For through all nations where the Sun doth rise,
 Thy beauty only bore away the prize,
 Beleeve me, fame did not report so much
 As thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
 That *Theseus* did not thy love disdain,
 And to steale thee away did think't no shame;
 When suiting to the *Lacedemonian* fashion,
 Thou didst sport with the young men of thy Nation.
 In stealing thee, I like his just desire,
 But how he could restore thee, I admire.
 For such a beaurious prey had sure deserv'd,
 To have been kept, and constantly preserv'd.
 For before thou should'st be took from my bed,
 Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.
 Alas! could I have ever so forgone thee,
 Or while I liv'd have let thee been took from me?
 Yet if I must restore thee needs at last,
 I would have yet presum'd to touch, and taste
 The golden apples of thy Virgin tree;
 And not sent thee backe with Virginity.
 Or if that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
 I would have rifled some other pleasures.
 Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
 While I do live, most constant unto thee.
 I will be constant to your owne desire,
 My love, and life shall both at once expire,

Before great kingdomes I preferred thee,
 Which royall *Juno* promis'd unto me.
 And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse,
 And to enjoy thy sweet selfe I did chuse.
 When *Juno*, *Venus*, and faire *Pallas* too,
 Their naked beauties unto me did shew;
 And in the *Idean* vallies did not grudge,
 In case of beauty to make me their Judge,
 Yet I doe not repent of my election,
 My mind is constant to my first affection.
 I beseech thee let not my hope prove vaine,
 Who spar'd no labour in hope thee to gaine.
 Beneath your selfe you need not to decline,
 Your birth is noble, so is also mine.
 So that if we do match, you cannot fall
 Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.
 For if you search into my pedegree,
Jove and *Electra* are of kin to me,
 And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
 Of the great'st kingdome in all *Asia*.
 Many Cities and faire Houses thou shalt see,
 And Temples suiting the gods Majestie.
 Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towers encompass'd round,
 Whose walls *Apollo's* Harpe at first did found.
 Besides there are such store of people here,
 The Land the people cannot hardly beare.
 Great troopes of *Trojans* Matrons thou shalt meet,
 And store of *Trojan* wives in every street.
 The poverty of *Greece* thou wilt then pity,
 When thou seest one house as rich as a City.
 Yet *Sparta* I cannot contemne with scorne,
 Because thou in that happy Land wert borne,
 But *Sparta* is poore, and cannot afford thee
 Dressings, which with thy beauty may agree.

That face of thine ought not to be content
 With some common, but a curious ornament,
 And it is fit thou should'st the old lay by,
 And every day weare some fresh rarity.
 When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,
 You may think womens habits richer be.
 Then *Helen* grant me love, do not disdain
 A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtain.
 He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended,
 Who with this heavenly office was befriended,
 To fill *Joves* Cup, and with water allay
 The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
 A *Trojan* in *Aurora* took delight,
 Who doth begin the day, conclude the night.
Anchises was descended too from *Troy*,
 Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy;
 And did descend in the *Idean* Vally,
 In amorous wayes to sport with him and dally.
 I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
 You should compare my beauty, and my youth
 With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he
 Should not in your choyce be preferr'd to me.
 By matching with me thou shalt not be kin
 To such as bloody *Arms* hath bin,
 Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
 From which sight the Sunnes frighted Horses fled.
 My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
 As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus blood, who being murder'd so,
 He into the *Myrtoan*-sea did throw.
 Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,
 (Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
 Apples and water, which are both so nigh
 His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips doe flie.

Yet if from them thou hast descended been,
 Love would me wish to be to thee akin.
 Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight
 In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
 Scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
 And there to looke on thee I am not able;
 For at that very time I observe, and find
 Many things, that do much offend my mind,
 For when the banquet is brought in, then I
 Doe wish my room unto my enemy.
 For it doth grieve me when I do behold,
 How with his armes he doth thy neck infold,
 And I could blush, when he before my face
 Doth thy small wast so clownishly embrace.
 And it did break my heart when I did see,
 How he would cast his furred gowne over thee.
 And when that he would give thee kisses soft,
 Put the cup before my eyes full oft.
 His close embraces I did never brooke,
 For I beheld them with a down-cast looke.
 My meat, as if within my mouth it grew,
 Most unwillingly did seeme to chew.
 And I sigh'd often, which when thou did'st see,
 Thou oftentimes would'st smile, and laugh at me.
 When I would strive to quench my flame with wine,
 That love through drunkenness most cleere doth shine,
 When I look'd away, lest I more should see,
 Thy beauty made me looke again on thee.
 It grieved me to look on my disgrace,
 It griev'd me more not to look on thy face:
 And I did strive my passion for to hide,
 But oh! dissembled love is soonest spy'd.
 So not flatter thee, thou do'st perceive
 That I did love thee, nor could I deceive;

That face of thine ought not to be content
 With some common, but a curious ornament.
 And it is fit thou should'st the old lay by,
 And every day weare some fresh rarity.
 When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,
 You may think womens habits richer be.
 Then *Helen* grant me love, do not disdain
 A *Trojan*, who thy favour would obtain.
 He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended,
 Who with this heavenly office was befriended,
 To fill *Joves* Cup, and with water allay
 The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
 A *Trojan* in *Aurora* took delight,
 Who doth begin the day, conclude the night.
Anchises was descended too from *Troy*,
 Whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy;
 And did descend in the *Idean* Vally,
 In amorous wayes to sport with him and dally.
 I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
 You should compare my beauty, and my youth
 With *Menelaus*; I suppose that he
 Should not in your choyce be preferr'd to me.
 By marching with me thou shalt not be kin
 To such as bloody *Aeneas* hath bin,
 Who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
 From which sight the Sunnes frighted Horses fled.
 My Grandfather did not his Brother kill,
 As *Menelaus* Grandfather, who did spill
Myrtilus blood, who being murder'd so,
 He into the *Myrtoan*-sea did throw.
 Nor yet our great Grandfather catcheth after,
 (Like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
 Apples and water, which are both so nigh
 His lips, and yet from his touch'd lips doe flie.

Yet if from them thou hast descended been,
 Love would me wish to be to thee akin,
 Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight
 In thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
 I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
 And there to looke on thee I am not able;
 For at that very time I observe, and find
 Many things, that do much offend my mind.
 For when the banquet is brought in, then I
 Doe wish my room unto my enemy.
 For it doth grieve me when I do behold,
 How with his armes he doth thy neck infold,
 And I could blush, when he before my face
 Doth thy small wast so clownishly embrace.
 And it did break my heart when I did see,
 How he would cast his furred gowne over thee.
 And when that he would give thee kisses soft,
 put the cup before my eyes full oft.
 His close embraces I did never brooke,
 For I beheld them with a down-cast looke.
 My meat, as if within my mouth it grew,
 most unwillingly did seeme to chew.
 And I sigh'd often, which when thou did'st see,
 Thou oftentimes would'st smile, and laugh at me.
 Then I would strive to quench my flame with wine,
 but love through drunkenness most cleere doth shine.
 When I look'd away, lest I more should see,
 Thy beauty made me looke again on thee.
 It grieved me to look on my disgrace,
 but griev'd me more not to look on thy face:
 And I did strive my passion for to hide,
 But oh! dissembled love is soonest spy'd.
 do not flatter thee, thou do'st perceive
 that I did love thee, nor could I deceive;

Ye

I

Thou

Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be
Knowne to thy selfe alone, and none but thee.
When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,
Lest *Menelaus* should aske why I them shed.
How oft have I told fained tales of love?
Hoping I might thereby your favour move,
Under a fained name hoping to move you,
But it was I indeed did truly love you.
And that I might my mind more freely speak,
A wanton drunkenness I would counterfeit.
I remember once thy bosome open lay,
And to my view thy white breasts did betray;
Thy faire breasts which were far more white in shew
Than purest milke, or the new fallen Snow;
Or whiter than that Swans faire downy feather,
When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd,
My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.
When thou kissedst thy Daughter, I would not misse
To take thy kisse off with another kisse.
And sometimes I some ancient song would sing,
Of those that heretofore had lovers been.
Sometimes by secret signes my love was shown,
And by a nod or wink I made it known.
Then to *Clymene* and *Æthra* I did shew
My griefe, and both of them began to wooe
Thy waiting-maids, who when I had begun
They both did leave me before I had done.
And I do wish the gods had been so bent,
To have made thee prize of a Turnament.
That he that got the victory, might bear thee
Out of the field, and he that wonne thee weare thee.
As *Hippomanes* faire *Atalanta* won,
Who all her former suiters had outrun.

Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities shalt be seen
 Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queen
 By *Pelops*, and as stout *Alcides* brake,
Achelous hornes for *Dejanira's* sake ;
 So by some valiant adventure , I
 Would win thee by some act of chivalry.
 But now I can but beg of thy sweet beauty.
 And at thy feet prostrate my selfe in duty.
 O thou that art thy brothers only glory,
 To whom even *Jove* himselfe could not be sorry
 To be a husband, if so be you were
 Not by birth descended from *Jupiter*.
 Either I will returne to *Troy* with thee,
 Or here in thy *Laconia* buried be.
 Loves arrow hath so wounded my soft breast;
 That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd.
 My sister truly prophecied of me,
 That with loves arrow I should wounded be.
 Then since (sweet *Helen*) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
 That I should love thee, pity my estate ;
 Do not contemne my love, but my suit heare,
 So may the gods attend unto thy prayer.
 If thou would'st let me lye with thee to night;
 More I could say, that should breed thy delight.
 To wrong thy husband so, art thou asham'd ;
 Or that thy marriage bed should so be stain'd ?
 O *Helen* ! thou a countrey conscience hast !
 "Dost thou imagine to be fair and chaste ?
 Either change thy beauty or more loving be,
 " For beauty is a foe to Chastity.
Venus doth love Loves stolen fruit to gather,
 And *Jupiters* scapes did make him thy father.
 Then how can'st thou be chaste, if thou take after
Jupiter and *Leda* ? Thou art their daughter;

May'st thou be chaste when thou to *Troy* art brought,
 And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
 Let's not offend, and after mend our life,
 When, as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.
 Besides thy husbands actions do commend
 The same to thee, who that he might befriend
 His guest, absents himselfe, to give us leasure,
 And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.
 To go to *Crete* he thought it time most fit,
 O he's a man of a honorable wit !
 Which at his departure was well exprest,
 When he bid thee use well his *Trojan* guest.
 Thy absent husbands will thou do'st neglect,
 Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect.
 Being so senselesse, thinkest thou that he
 Can prize thy beauty, or else value thee ?
 He cannot, for if he had knowne the danger ;
 He had not bid thee be kind to a stranger.
 Although my words, nor love cannot move thee,
 Let us improve this opportunity.
 Then thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,
 If we lose time, through bashfull melancholly ;
 To be thy Paramour he offer'd me,
 Make use then of his weake simplicity.
 For thou do'st lye alone, and so doe I,
 'Twere better if we did together lye.
 Let us enjoy our selves, for I doe say,
 " Midnight sport yeelds more pleasure than the day.
 Then thou shalt have faire promises of me,
 And I will bind my selfe to marry thee.
 For I do vow, if that thou canst beleeve me,
 For one nights lodging I'll a Kingdome give thee :
 And if thou can'st but so beleeving be,
 Unto my Kingdome thou shalt goe with me,

That

That thou follow'dst me it shall not be thought,
 For I alone will beare the blame, and fault.
 As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,
 And his example may thee neerely touch.
 For *Theseus* did carry thee away,
Castor and *Pollux* so did also stray,
 And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample
 To thee, and I will follow their example.
 My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready stay,
 And when you please, we soon may saile away.
 Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a Queen,
 Ador'd as if thou had'st some goddess be.
 And wheresoever thou do'st please to be,
 The people shall offer sacrifice to thee.
 Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
 Gifts unto thee, with humble complement.
 I cannot here describe thy happinesse,
 Farre above that my Letter doth expresse.
 Let not the fear of warres thy thoughts amaze,
 Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise
 To fetch thee back; who have they fetcht again?
 Beleeve me, those feares are but fond, and vaine.
 The *Thracians* *Orithya* tooke away,
 Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.
Jason from *Colchos* brought away *Medea*,
 And yet no wars did wast *Theffalia*.
Phadra and *Ariadne* stollen were
 By *Theseus*, yet *Minos* made no warre.
 "Dangers may seeme farre greater than they are,
 "And feare may be without all ground of feare.
 Suppose too (if you please) wars should ensue,
 Yet I by force, their forces could subdue.
 My Country can to yours yeeld equall forces,
 For it hath store of Men, and store of horses.

Nor can your husband *Menelaus* shew
More valiant courage, than *Paris* can do.
For when I was but a young stripling, I
Did rescue our flocks from the enemy ;
Who did intend to drive away them all,
Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.
And of *Ilioneus*, and *Deiphobus* I,
When I was young, did get the victory.
And as in single combate I plai'd my part,
So with my bow I could hit any marke.
And I know *Menelaus* was not such
A forward youth, nor could he do so much.
Besides, *Hector's* my brother, who may stand
In account of Souldiers, for a whole band.
My strength, and forces are unknowne to thee,
Nor knowest thou what a husband I shall be.
And therefore, either no warres shall ensue,
Or *Trojans* forces shall the *Greeks* subdue.
Yet I could becontent for such a Wife
" To fight : there's credit in a noble strife.
Besides, if all the world should fight for thee,
Thou shalt be famous to posterity :
Sweet *Helena* then consent to goe with me,
What I have promis'd shall performed be.



The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

HELENA having read Paris his Epistle ; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesties sake objects against his persuasions, proving them idle, but so that she rather gives, then takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit, thereby shewing a womans crafty wit, according to that of Ovid, in his Art of Love,

Forſean & prima uoulet ſibi liſtera triſtis,

Quaq; rogat, ne ſe ſollicitare uelis.

Quod rogat illa timet; quod non rogat optat ut iuſtes,

Inſequens, &c.

At firſt perhaps her Letter will be ſowre,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeem to lowre;
In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſuite.
Tuff, what ſhe moſt forwarnes, the moſt deſires,
In froſty woods are hid the hotteſt fires.

At laſt ſhe ſeemes to conſent to *Paris* deſire, adviſing him as a more ſafe and honeſt courſe, not to write his deſire, but impart his mind to her waiting-maids *Clymene* and *Atthya*, hee dealing with them, ſo farre prevailed, that he brought both *Helena* and them to *Troy*.

HELENA'S Answer to PARIS.

Since thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
When I did read it, why ſhould I neglect
To answer it? Since to answer it can be
No breach of chaſtity at all in me.
What boldneſſe was it in thee, thus to break
All lawes of hoſpitality, and to ſpeak
Thus by your Letter? thereby for to move
My affection and ſollicite me for love.
Didſt thou on purpoſe faile into our Port?
That thou might'ſt wooe me, and with fair words court.
And had not we power to avoid this danger?
And ſaw our Palace gate againſt a ſtranger?
Who doſt requite our love with injury?
Didſt thou come as a gueſt, or enemy?
I know my juſt complaint will ſeem to thee,
To proceed from rudeneſſe, and ruſticity.

Let

Let me seeme rude, so I preserve my fame,
 And keep my honour free from spot or stain.
 Although my countenance be not sad or fowre,
 Though with bent browes I do not fit and lowre:
 Yet I have kept my cleare fame without spot,
 No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
 So that I wonder whence thy encouragement
 Proceedeth, that thou shouldest my love attempt.
 Because once *Theseus* stole me as a prey,
 Shall I the second time be stolen away?
 It had been my fault had I given consent,
 But being stolne, against my will I went.
 And yet he gather'd not my Virgin flower,
 He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:
 Some kisses only he did striving gain,
 But no more kindnesse could from me obtain.
 Such is thy wantonnesse, thou wouldst not be
 Like him content alone with kissing me.
 He brought me back untoucht, his modesty
 Seem'd to excuse his former injury;
 And plainly it appear'd, that the young man
 For stealing me grew penitent again.
 But *Paris* comes when *Theseus* is false off,
 That *Helen* may be still the worlds scoffe.
 Yet with a Lover who can be offended?
 If thy love prove true as thou hast pretended.
 This I do doubt, although I do not feare,
 My beauty can command love any where.
 But because Women should not soon beleieve men,
 For men with flattering words do oft deceive them.
 Though other Wives offend, and that a faire one
 Is seldome chaste, yet I will be that rare one.
 Because you think my mother did offend,
 By her example you think me to bend.

My

My Mother was deceiv'd, *Jove* to her came
 In the shape of a milke-white feather'd Swan,
 If I offend 'tis not my ignorance,
 For no mistake can shadow my offence.
 And yet her error may be happy thought,
 "For to offend with greatnesse is no fault.
 But I should not be happy, if I erre,
 Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.
 Of royall kindred thou dost boast to me,
 But *Jove's* the Fountaine of Nobility.
 Nay though from *Jupiter* thy selfe doth spring,
 And *Pelops*, and *Atreus* be to thee a kin;
Jupiter's my Father, who himselfe did cover
 With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
 Go reckon now thy Pedegree of thy Nation,
 And talke of *Priam*, and *Laomedon*,
 Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be
 Remov'd from *Jupiter*, to the fift degree;
 And I but one; and albeit that *Troy*
 Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
 Though it for wealth, and store of men excell,
 The Land is barbarous, where thou do'st dwell.
 Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
 That goddesses might therewith tempted be,
 But if I may with modesty thus speake,
 Thy selfe, and not thy gifts my fancy take.
 For either I'll keep my integrity,
 Or for thy love, not gifts, I'll go with thee.
 Though I despise them not, if e're I take
 Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
 For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
 I do esteeme this more that thou do'st love me,
 And that thou should'st a painfull voyage take
 Through the rough Seas, and ail even for my sake.

And I do marke thy cariage at the Table,
 Although I to dissemble it am able.
 Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
 And put me almost out of countenance,
 Sometimes thou sigh'st, and then the cup do'st take,
 And to drink where I did drink, do'st pleasure take.
 And sometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,
 Thou closely would'st expresse what thou did'st think.
 Had I confesse I have blush't many times,
 Or feare my husband should discerne thy signes.
 And oftentimes unto my selfe I said,
 If he were shamelesse he would be dismaid.
 And on the Table thou hast many a time
 Fashion'd, and drawne forth with a little wine
 Those letters, which my name did plainly show,
 And underneath them thou hast writ, *Amo*.
 I lookt on it, but seem'd not to beleeeve thee,
 But now this word *Amo* doth also give me.
 By these allurements thou my heart might'st bend,
 If that I would have yeelded to offend.
 I must confesse thou hast a beauteous face,
 Might win a Maid to yeeld to thy embrace.
 Let some one rather honestly enjoy thee,
 Then that a strangers love should so destroy me.
 To resist the power of beauty learne by me,
 Vertue abstaines from things which pleasing be.
 By how many young men have I wooed been?
 That beauty *Paris* sees, others have seen.
 Thou art more bold, but they as much did see,
 Nor hast more courage, but lesse modesty.
 Would thy ship had then arrived here,
 When a thousand youths for my love Suiters were.
 For before a thousand I had preferr'd thee,
 Nay, even my husband must have pardon'd me.

But

But thou hast stay'd too long, and hast so trifl'd
That all my Virgin joyes are gone and rifled.
Thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy flame.
What thou desir'st, another doth obtaine.
Though to have been thy Wife I do wish still,
Menelaus enjoyes me, not 'gainst my will,
Cease with faire words to mollifie my breast,
If you love me let it be so exprest.
Let me live as fortune hath allotted me,
Do not seeke to corrupt my chastity.
But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idean* wood,
When three nak'd goddesses before thee stood:
One promised a Kingdome unto thee,
T'other that thou in warres should'st prosperous be.
But *Venus*, who was the third in this strife,
Did promise *Helena* should be thy wife.
I scarce beleieve the goddesses would be
In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
Were the first true, the latter part is fain'd,
That she gave thee me, for judgement obtain'd.
I do not think my beauty such, that she
Could think to bribe thy judgement by that fee.
I am content that men may beauty prize,
That beauty *Venus* praises, she envies.
There's no assurance in a strangers love,
As they do wander, so their love doth rove.
And when you hope to find most constancy,
Their love doth coole, and they away do flye.
Witnesse *Ariadne* and *Hipsiphyle*,
Whose lawlesse love procur'd their misery.
And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,
Foraking her, whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
This by thy selfe cannot denyed be,
For know I tooke care to enquire of thee.

fides if thou had'st a desire to prove
 constant in thy affection and true love ;
 yet thou would'st be compell'd at least to saile,
 and with thy *Trojans* thou away would'st saile.
 Or if the wished night appointed were,
 thou wouldst be gone, if that the wind stood faire.
 And when our pleasures grew unto the height,
 thou would'st be gon, if that the wind stood right :
 by a faire wind I should be bereft
 of joyes even in the mid'st imperfect left.
 Or as thou perswad'st shall I follow thee
 to *Troy*, and so great *Priam's* Daughter be.
 Yet I do not so much contemne swift fame,
 that I would sticke disgrace upon thy name.
 What would *Priam*, and his Wife think of me
 if I should follow thee, and thy Daughters,
 which's Daughters, and thy brothers which may be ?
 What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helén* say ?
 Or what might *Troy* report, and *Asia* ?
 And how canst thou hope I should faithfull prove ?
 And not to others, as to thee grant love ?
 That if a stranger ship do arrive here,
 will procure in thee a jealous feare.
 And in thy rage call me adulteresse,
 When thou art guilty of my wickednesse.
 Thou that did'st cause my fault, wilt me upbraid,
 May I first into my grave be laid !
 But I shall have *Troy's* wealth, go rich, and brave,
 And more then thou canst promise I shall have.
 Issue, and Cloth of gold they shall present me,
 And store of gold shall for a gift be sent me.
 Yet pardon me, those gifts cannot inflame me,
 I know not how thy Land would entertain me.
 In the *Trojan* Land I should wrong'd be,
 How could my brother, or father help me ?




False

False *Jason* with faire promises beguild
Medea, who was afterward exil'd.
 Her father *Æetes* was not there, to whom,
 When she was scorn'd by *Jason*, she might come.
 Nor her mother *Ipsea*, to whom she
 Might returne, nor her sister *Chalciops*.
 I feare not this, nor was *Medea* afraid,
 "For those who meane best, soonest are betray'd.
 Ships in the harbour do in safety ride,
 But are tost at Sea, and do stormes abide.
 And that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,
 Of which thy mother dreamt, and thought that she
 Had been deliver'd: and besides too I
 Do feare *Cassandra's* dismall prophesie;
 Who did foretell, as truth did her inspire,
 The *Greekes* should wast the City *Troy* with fire.
 And besides, as faire *Venus* favours thee,
 Because thy judgement gave her the victory;
 I feare the other goddesses do grudge
 At thee, because thou did'st against them judge.
 And I do know that wars may follow after,
 Our fatall love shall be reveng'd with slaughter,
 Yet to allow her praise I am content,
 Why should I question that which she hath meant?
 Yet for my slow beliefe be not thou griev'd,
 For such great matters hardly are belev'd.
 First I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
 Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.
 And that *Helen*, when you of her beauty heard,
 Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts preferr'd.
 Am I both Wisdome, and Kingdome to thee?
 Since thou lov'st me, should I no kindnesse shew thee?
 I'me not so cruell, yet cannot incline
 To love him, who I feare cannot be mine.

For suppose I to Sea would go with thee,
 To steale hence I have no opportunity.
 In love's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
 Heaven knowes my husband I did ne're delude :
 And in a Letter thus my mind to shew,
 Is a taske, I before did never doe.
 They are happy that doe use it every day,
 To offend it is hard to find the way.
 A kind of painfull feare restraineth me,
 And how they look on us me-thinks I see.
 Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
 For *Æthra* told me long since what they 'said.
 But take no notice, nor do thou desist,
 I know you can dissemble if you list.
 Then sport and spare not, but let us be wary,
 " And if not chaste, let us at least be chary.
 For though that *Menelaus* absent be,
 I must discreetly use my liberty.
 For though he is on earnest businesse gone,
 And for this journey had occasion ;
 I took occasion thus my love to show,
 Make hast to returne, Sweet-heart, if you goe.
 And he straightway to recompence my wish
 Of his returne, gave me a joyfull kisse.
 Charging me that my care should be exprest
 In looking to his house, and *Trojan* guest.
 I smil'd, and to him could say nought at all,
 I striv'd, to refraine laughing, with, I shall.
 So with a prosperous wind he sail'd to *Creet*,
 Yet to do, what thou dost list, is not meet.
 I'm kept in his absence with guards most strong,
 " Do'st thou not know the hands of Kings are long ?
 Besides, thou wrong'st us both, in praising me,
 For when he heares it he will jealous be.

The fame of beauty maketh me suspected,
I would I had the fame of it neglected,
Though to leave us together he thought fit,
To my owne keeping he did me commit.
“He knew there could no better gardian be;
“To keep me chaste, than my owne honesty.
He fear’d my beauty, but my chastity
Did take away that idle jealousie.
To make use of time thou advise’st me,
Since his absence gives opportunity.
I must confesse I have a good mind to it,
But am yet unresolv’d, and feare to do it.
Besides you know my husband is from home,
And you without a wife do lie alone;
The Nights are long, and while we sit together
In one house, we may talke unto each other.
And woe is me ! when we are both alone,
I know thou hast a faire alluring tongue.
Thus every circumstance seemes to invite me,
And nothing but a bashfull feare doth fright me;
Since perswasions do no good, leave that course
And make me leave this bashfulnesse by force.
Such force would seem a welcome injury,
And I would faine be thus compell’d by thee.
Yet let me rather my new love restrain,
A little water quenches a young flame.
Did not the stout inhabitants of *Theſſalia*
Fight with the *Centaures* for *Hippodamia* ?
And dost thou not think *Menelaus* hath,
And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath ?
Although of valour thou do’st boast to me,
Thy words and amorous face doth not agree.
Thou art not fit for *Mars*, nor for the field,
But for *Venus* combats, which do pleasures yeeld.

Let valiant hardy men of wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
Let *Hector* fight for thee, whom thou dost praise,
The gentle wars of Love shall give thee Bayes.
And in these wars 'tis wisdom for to fight,
And any Maid that's wise will take delight.
Nor upon idle points of modesty stand,
I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
But it is your desire, that you and I
Should meet, I know what you do mean thereby.
Thus farre this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the rest is conceal'd.
By *Clymene* and *Æthra* we may further
Make knowne our minds, more fully to each other,
For these two Maidens in such matters be
Companions, and Counsellors to me.





The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

THE Sea of *Hellespont* being seven furlongs over, and as *Pliny* witnesseth dividing *Europe* from *Asia*, had on the one side *Sestos* in *Europe* where *Hero* lived, and *Abydos* in *Asia* where *Leander* dwelled, being two opposite Cities. *Leander* of *Abydos* being deeply in love with *Hero* of *Sestos*, did use to swim by night unto her over the *Hellespont*; but being hindered by the tempestuous roughness of the Sea, after

after seven dayes were past, he sent this Letter to his sweet-heart *Hero*, by an adventurous Ship-master that put forth to Sea in the storme. Wherein he sheweth first that his love is firme, and constant. Afterward he complaineth that the roughnesse of the Sea should hinder him from swimming to her. Lastly he promiseth her that he will venture to come, and expose himselfe to the dangers of the Sea, rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company. Whence *Marshall* thus of him singeth.

*Cum peteres dulces audax Leander amores,
Et fessus tumida jam premeretur aqua;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas;
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.*

While bold *Leander* to his Sweet-heart swims,
And swelling waves did beat his weary limbs,
To the billowes that beat him so,
'Tis said, that thus he spake;
Spare me while I to *Hero* go,
Drowne me when I come backe.

LEANDER to HERO.

THy love *Leander* wisheth thee all health,
(*Hero*) which I had rather bring my selfe,
For if the rough Seas had more calmer been,
From *Abydos* to *Sestos* I would swim.
If the fates smile upon our love, then I
Do know, thou wilt read my lines willingly.
This paper-messenger may welcome be,
But thou had'st rather have my company.
But the fates frowne, and will not suffer me,
(As I was used) to swim unto thee.
Theskie is black, the seas are rough, alas,
So that no Ship or Barke from home dare passe.
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
To whom this present Letter I have given.

K x

And

And had come with him, but the *Abydians* stayd
 Upon their watch-towers, while the Anchor way'd,
 For presently they would have me descri'd,
 And discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
 Forthwith this Letter I did write, and so
 I said unto it, happy Letter go;
 This is thy happinesse, thou must understand,
 That *Hero* shall receive thee with her hand.
 And perhaps thou shalt kisse her rosie lips,
 While with her teeth the Seale she open rips,
 Having spoken these words, then my right hand after
 Did write these words upon this silent Paper.
 But I do wish, that my right hand might be
 Not us'd in writing, but to swim to thee:
 It is more fit to swim, yet I can write
 My mind with ease, and haply can indite.
 Seven nights are past, which seem to me a year,
 Since first the Seas with stormes enraged were.
 These nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleep.
 To think the Sea should still his roughnesse keep.
 Those Torches which on thy Towre burning be
 I saw, or else I thought that I did see.
 Thrice I put off my cloathes, and did begin
 Three times to make tryall, if I could swim.
 But swelling Seas did my desier oppose,
 Whose rising billowes o're my face o'reflowes.
 But *Boreas*, who art the fiercest wind,
 Why thus to crosse me, dost thou bend thy mind?
 Thou dost not storme against the Seas but me.
 Hadst thou not been in love, what wouldst thou be?
 Though thou art cold, yet once thou didst approve
Orithya, who did warme thy heart with love.
 And wouldst have vex'd, if with *Orithya* faire
 Thy p-ssage had been hindred through the ayre.

O spare me then, and calme thy blustering wind,
 Even so may'st thou from *Æolus* favour find.
 But I perceive he murmurs at my Prayer,
 And still the Seas are rough, and stormy are,
 I wish that *Dadalus* would give wings to me
 Though the *Icarian* Seas not far off be,
 Where *Icarus* did fall, when he did proffer
 To flye too high, let me the same chance suffer
 While flying through the ayre to thee I come,
 As through the water I have often swom.
 But since both wind, and Seas denie to me
 My passage, think how I first came to thee.
 It was at that time when night doth begin,
 ("Th' remembrance of past pleasures, pleasure bring)
 When I who was *Amans*, which we translate
 A Lover, stole out of my Fathers Gate,
 And having put off all my cloathes straightway,
 My armes through the moist Seas did cut their way
 The Moon did yeeld a glimmering light to me,
 Which all the way did beare me company.
 I looking on her, said, some favour have
 Towards me, and think upon the *Latmian* Cave.
 O favour me ! for thy *Endymions* sake,
 Prosper this stollen journey which I take.
 A mortals love made thee come from thy Spheare,
 And she I love is like a goddesse faire.
 For none unlesse that she a goddesse be,
 Can be so vertuous, and so faire as she.
 Nay, none but *Venus*, or thy selfe can be
 So faire, view her, if you'le not credit me:
 For as thy silver beames do shine more bright
 Than lesser streames, which yeeld a dimmer light :
 Even so of all faire ones she is rarest,
 And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but she's the fairest.

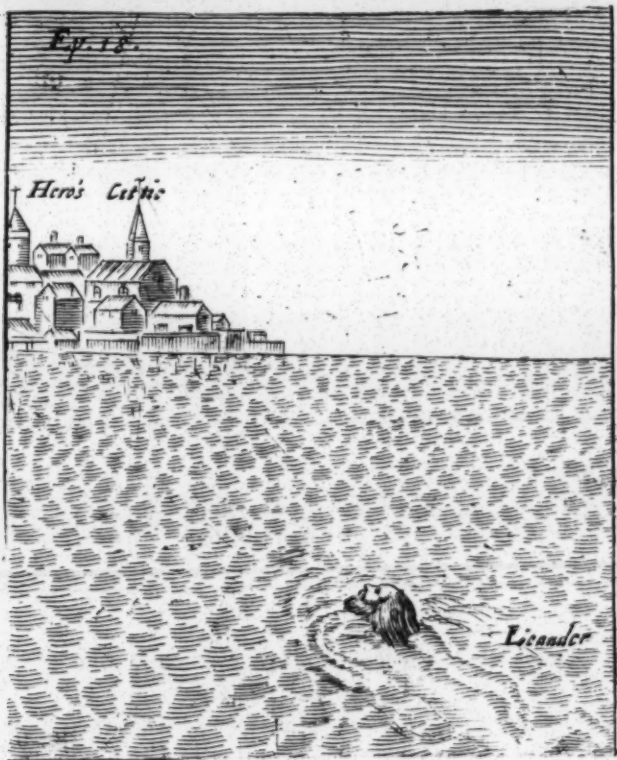
When I these words, or else the like had said,
My passage through the Sea by night I made.
The Moons bright beames were in the water seen,
And 'twas as light as if it day had been.
No noise nor voice unto my tears did come,
But the murmure of the water when I swom.
Only the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
Seemed by night a sweet complaint to make.
But when my armes to grow tir'd did begin,
Unto the top of the waves I did spring.
But when I saw thy Torch, O then quoth I,
Where that fire blazeth, my faire Love doth lye.
For that same shore, said I, doth her contain,
Who is my goddesse, my fire, and my flame.
These words to my armes did such strength restore;
Me thought the Sea grew calmer then before.
The coldnesse of the waves I seem'd to scorne,
For love did keep my amorous heart still warme.
The neerer I came to the shore, I find
The greater courage and more strength of mind.
But when I could by thee discerned be,
Thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.
Then to please thee, my Mistresse, I begin
To spread my armes abroad, and strongly swim.
Thy Nurse from leaping downe could scarce stay thee,
This without flattery I did also see,
And though she did restrain thee, thou didst come
Down to the shore, and to the waves didst run.
And to imbrace and kisse me didst begin,
"The gods to get such kisses sure would swim."
And thy owne garments thou would'st put on me,
Drying my haire which had been wet at Sea.
What past besides, the Tower, and we do know,
And Torch, which through the sea my way did show.

The joyes of that night we no more can count,
 Then drops of water in the *Hellepont*.
 And because we had so little time for pleasure,
 We us'd our time, and did not wast our leasure.
 But when *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,
 And the morning starre shew'd his glistring head;
 Then we did kisse in hast, and kisse again,
 And that the night was past we did complain.
 When thy Nurse did me of the time inform,
 Then from thy Tower, I to the shore return.
 With teares we parted, and then I begin,
 Back through the *Hellepont* again to swim.
 And while I swom, I should look back on thee;
 As farre as I could thee (sweet *Hero*) see.
 And if you will beleeeve me, when I do come
 Hither unto thee, then me thought I swom.
 But when from thee again I return'd back,
 I seem'd like one that had suffer'd shipwrack.
 To my home I went unwillingly again,
 My City 'gainst my will doth me contain.
 Alas! why should we be by seas disjoyn'd?
 Since that love hath united us in mind.
 Since we beare such affection to each other,
 Why should not we in one land dwell together?
 In *Sestos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
 The country pleaseth me, as mine doth thee,
 Why should the rough seas thus perplex our minds?
 Why should we be parted by cruell winds?
 The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow,
 The fish by often swimming do me know.
 And through the water I have worne a path,
 Like to those wheele-ruts which a high-way hath,
 I complain that I to such shifts was put,
 But now the winds that passage have up shut,

The Hellespont is rough, the waves go high,
 So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lye.
 And I beleeve the Sea her name first found,
 From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
 This sea shall by her death infamous be,
 Her name doth shew her guilt, though she spare me,
 I envie *Jason*, who did saile to *Greece*,
 And fetch away from thence the golden Fleece
 In his ship call'd the Ram, yet I desire
 No ship of his, this is all I require;
 That the waters of the Hellespont would be
 So gentle to permit me swim to thee.
 I want no art to swim, give leave to me,
 And both the Ship and Pilot I will be.
 I will not faile by the great or lesser Beare,
 For by such common stars love doth not feare.
 Let others on *Andromeda's* star look,
 Or *Ariadnes* Crowne to Heaven took;
 Nor yet *Calistos* stars which do shine cleare
 In the Polar Circle, which they call the Beare,
 These stars which by the gods were stellifi'd,
 In my doubtfull passage shall not be my guide,
 But I have a more brighter star than these,
 My love will guide me through the darkest Seas.
 Oft when my armes grew tir'd with wearinesse,
 That they cannot cut their way though the seas,
 When I do tell them, that to quit their pain,
 They should imbrace thee, they would then again,
 To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim,
 Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.
 Thou art my star, and I will follow thee,
 Rather than all those stars in Heaven be.
 Thou, thou art farre more worthy for to shine
 A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.

Or if thou wilt needs go, then shew to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee.
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughnesse of the seas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean do not us two part?
This narrow sea keeps me from thee Sweet-heart.
If I should in some distant Country be,
It would cut off all hope of seeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more desire,
And burne the more the neerer to the fire.
And though the thing I wish for absent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot see.
That which I love, I almost seem to touch,
Which makes me weep to think my hopes are such,
I catch at Apples which from me do flie
Like *Tantalus*, or the stream which glides by.
Shall I then never be possesst of thee,
Untill the winds and sea so pleas'd be?
When wind and water fickle be, shall I
Upon the wind and water still relie?
Shall I be hindered by the raging seas?
The Goates, Bootes, or the Pleiades?
If I have any courage, thou shalt see,
Love shall imbolden me to swim to thee.
And if I promise, I will come away,
And performe promise without all delay.
If seas continue still their raging anger,
I'll try to swim to thee in spight of danger;
Either my bold attempt shall happy prove,
Or death shall give an end unto my love.
Yet I do wish my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved haven.
Then thou wilt weepe on it, and say 'twas I
Was the occasion, that this man did dye.

I know when thou hast in my letter found
This word of death, thou wilt hare the sad sound.
Feare not; but that the sea may now incline
To calmenesse, joyne your prayers, I pray, with mine.
If it were calme untill I did swim thither,
Arriv'd, let it again be blustering weather,
In the Harbour of thy Castle I'll abide,
And in thy chamber at safe Anchor ride.
Let blustering *Boreas* strongly there inclose me,
I delight to stay there, though he oppose me.
For then I will be wary, and most slack
To venture to returne, or to swim back.
On the deafe billowes I'll not raile in vain.
Nor on the rough, and raging sea complain.
The winds and thy imbraces should keep me
Wind-bound, and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
Yet soone as the sea permits, I'll begin
To use my armes, and unto thee I'll swim.
And be thou carefull to put forth a light
Upon thy tarter, to direct my sight.
Untill then let my Letter lodge this night
With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.
Which though it go before me, I do pray,
That I may follow it without delay.



The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle

HERO having received *Leander's* Letter, answers it with many expressions of a mutuall affection, and invites him to hasten his coming, that she might enjoy his company : sometimes accusing his slackness, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her owne love : sometimes inveighing against the sea : sometimes fearing lest he loved some other; then recanting that suspicion ascribing it to

to the custome of Lovers who are apt to suspition. Lastly, *the* persuades him not to expose himselfe to the mercy of the Sea *unles* it grow calme.

HERO to LEANDER.

THat health *Leander* which thou sent'st in word,
Come, and most really to me afford.
For our joyes are deferred by thy stay,
And my love growes impatient of delay.
Our love is equall, but I am the weaker,
For men are of a stout and stronger nature.
Maides have a tender body and soft mind,
If thou do stay, I shall with griefe be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time and leasure,
In hunting, or some other country pleasure.
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport.
You often Hawke, and Angle many a time,
And spend some houres in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove,
I have no businesse here to do, but love.
Thou only art a pleasure unto me,
I love thee more than can beleev'd be.
For either with my Nurse I talke of thee,
Wondring what stayeth thy comming to me.
Or looking to the sea, sometimes I chide
The sea, 'cause it doth still so rough abide.
Or when I see the sea is calmer growne,
I think that when thou maist thou wilt not come.
While I complaine, sad teares spring in my eyes,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dryes.
Then I do look if any print remaine
Of thy foot-steps, which the sands yet retaine.

And

And oftentimes I enquire if any be
 bound for *Abydos*, so to write to thee.
 And I do kisse thy clothes thou didst leave here,
 When thou didst swim the Hellespont without feare;
 When day is done, and the more friendly night
 With spangled stars hath put the day to flight,
 Then I set out a light, for a Land-mark
 Upon my Towre, to guide thee in the dark. ?
 And then sometimes with spinning I assay,
 To passe the time, which runs so slow away.
 And that I may the tedious houres beguile,
 I talke of my *Leander* all the while,
 And to my Nurse I speak thus, Dost not thou
 Thinke that my joy, and love is comming now ?
 Or think'st thou that his friends watch him, that he
 Is hindered so from comming unto me ?
 Dost thou not think that he even now begins
 To put off his cloathes, and anoint his limbs ?
 Yes sayes my old nurse, who did strive to keep
 Time with her head, while she did nodding sleep.
 And senselesse of all love, car'd not though I
 Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.
 Then I should say to her a little after,
 Now I do think he's in swimming through the water.
 And having drawne my thred forth, I would say,
 Now I do think he is in the middle way.
 Then I look'd forth, and fearefully did pray
 The wind would favour thee upon the way ;
 Sometimes I listned unto every voice,
 Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.
 Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleep
 Upon my weary eyes by stealth did creep.
 And sometimes thou sleep'st with me in my dream,
 And art come, though to come thou dost not mean,

And

And now me thinks that in my dream I see
 Thee swimming, now thou art imbracing me.
 And now to clothe thy wet limbes I do strive,
 And in my warme bosome do thee revive.
 And other things I dreame of which must be
 Concealed at this time for modesty.
 For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
 Yet being done it is a shame to tell.
 But woe is me, these pleasures are soon done,
 For when my dreame doth vaniish, thou art gone.
 O let us at the length more firmly meet,
 That our joyes may be reall and more sweet.
 Why have I laine so many nights from thee?
 And why dost thou delay to swim to me?
 Though the Seas yet for swimming unfit are,
 Yet yester night the winds more calmer were.
 And why didst thou then feare to come to me?
 Why didst not use that opportunity?
 Though you have another season, yet at least
 Because this was the first, this was the best.
 The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
 But thou canst swim it in a little space,
 And suppose winds and stormes should keep thee here,
 While I imbrace thee, thou needst nothing feare:
 Then I would have the winds blow high enough,
 And I would pray the seas might still be rough.
 But why dost thou the winds and seas now feare,
 Which formerly by thee despised were?
 For I remember thou didst swim to me,
 When the Seas were as rough as now they be:
 When I did wish thee not so rash to be,
 Lest thy rashnesse should make me weep for thee.
 But where is all thy courage now become?
 Who through the Hellespont hast often swom,

Yet do not thou such rash adventures make,
 But when the sea is calme thy journey take.
 If thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,
 And that our flame of love burnes cleere and bright ;
 I feare not winds so much that crosse my mind,
 As that thy love should prove fickle as wind.
 Or that thou think'st me unworthy, to enter
 Such dangers, and for my sake to adventure.
 And sometimes I am very much afraid,
 Lest thou of *Abydos* scorn'st a *Sestian* maid.
 But it would grieve me more than all the rest,
 If thou should'st love another Sweet-heart best :
 Or if some Harlots armes should thee imbrace,
 While that her new love doth the old displace.
 O may I die before that I do see
 My selfe in such a manner wrong'd by thee.
 Yet do I not write this, because that I
 From thee, or fame, have cause of jealousy.
 Yet still I feare (who can securely love?)
 " For absence doth often suspicion move.
 Those lovers be happy that present are,
 And know when to be jealous, when not to feare.
 We vainly feare, and slight true injuries,
 And nourish in our breast fond jealousies.
 O would'st thou come, or else would I might find
 No woman hinders thee but the fierce wind.
 Which when I know, beleve me I shall die
 With grief to think upon thy injury.
 For if that thou hadst a desire to send
 Me to my grave, thou might'st before offend.
 But thou wilt not offend, my feares are vaine,
 I know the Winters stormes do thee detain.
 Woe's me ! the billowes do go rough and high,
 And obscure clouds do darken all the skie.

Or *Hellas* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,
 While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.
 Or *Ino* her step-mother now doth please,
 Chang'd to a goddesse, thus to vex the seas.
 This sea unto Young maids unkind doth prove,
 It drowned *Helle*, and doth crosse my love.
 If *Neptune* his owne love had call'd to mind,
 Our love had not been crost so by the wind.
 It is no fable that thou didst approve
 Of faire *Amymone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy Sweet-hearts were,
 And *Medusa* before she had snake haire.
Laodice and *Celano* Pleiades,
 And many I have read of besides these.
 O *Neptune*, thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store,
 As Poets doe report, and many more.
 Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
 Why still from comming dost thou stay my Love?
 Spare us, let stormes rage in the Ocean wide,
 The sea doth two parts of the world divide.
 For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,
 Or expresse thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
 To disturbe these seas can no glory be,
 Or to hinder a young man would swim to me;
 For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
 Not from *Vlysses* ill of thee befriended.
 Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim;
 "He's in the water, but my life's in him.
 But now my candle (by whose watchfull light
 As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
 Began to sparkle at that very time,
 Which we did take to be a happy signe.
 And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintaine
 The Lampe, and cherish the reviving flame.

Sayes

Sayes she, here will be strangers I do think
 To morrow, and with these words she dorth drink,
Leander come, and let our number be
 Increas'd, for I doe love thy company.
Leander unto thy owne love returne.
 For why should I still lie alone, and mourne?
 Thou hast no cause thus fearfull still to be,
Venus will calme the sea, and favour thee.
 Sometimes to wade through the sea I begin,
 But this sea hath to women farall bin.
 For *Jason* over it in safety came,
 But a woman give to these seas their name.
 If thou fear'st thou should'st want strength to performe
 This double labour; to come, and return:
 Let us in the midst of the sea both meet,
 And with a kisse each other kindly greet.
 Then to our Cities both returne again,
 This would some comfort be, though it were vaine.
 I would that we had no regard of Fame,
 Which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.
 For love and fearefulnesse do ill agree;
 That perswades to pleasure, this to modestie.
 When that young *Jason* did to *Colchos* come,
 He bore away *Medea* with him soon.
 When as *Paris* to *Lacedemon* came,
 He straight returned with his prey againe.
 Thou com'st to me, but leavest me behind,
 And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.
 But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
 Not only to despise, but feare the water.
 Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorne,
 Think'st thou thy armes can more than oares performe?
 The Mariners (*Leander*) feare to swim,
 Till they are forc'd, when they have shipwrackt bin.

L

Woe's

Woe's me, I perswade 'gainst that I require,
Let not my words discourage thee, I desire.
With thy armes swim through the seas, which being done
Embrace me with those armes when thou art come.
But as oft as I to the blew seas looke,
My heart is with a sudden cold feare strooke.
And I am troubled with my last nights dream,
Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did mean.
About morning, when the Candle sleaspie grew
And wink'd, when dreams most usually are true ;
Out of my drowsie fingers fell my thread,
And on my pillow I did rest my head.
When in my dream I thought that I had seen
A Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim.
Which the waves cast up on the shore, and left
Upon the boiling sands, of life bereft.
I know not what this might presage, or mean,
Stay till the sea be calme, slight not my dream;
If thou wilt not spare thy selfe spare thou me,
My life and happinesse consists in thee.
I hope the rough seas will grow calme, then stay,
And through the calme seas cut thy gentler way.
Untill then, since thou canst not swim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not seem long.



The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

Accontius going to *Diana's* sacrifices, which were celebrated by Virgins in *Dolos*, the chiefest Island of all the *Cyclades* in the *Aegean* Sea, fell in love with *Cydisippe* a noble Maid: but he in regard of the inequality of his birth not daring to sollicit her love, did cunningly write on a faire apple these two verses.

*Iuro tibi sane per mystica sacra Diana,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram.*

By *Diana's* sacred rites I swear to thee,
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet; who ignorant of his cunning, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be wife to *Acontius*. For it was a law, that what was spoken before the gods in the Temple of *Diana* should be ratified. So that *Acontius* endeavours in this Epistle to perswade her, that *Diana* had inflicted sicknesse on her, because she had violated her promise made in the goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exordium endeavors to make her confident to read without any suspicion of deceit, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her husband contemptible in her sight, perswading her that he was the cause of all her sicknesse.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

BE not afraid, since that thou shalt not sweare,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here;
For thou didst sweare enough at that same time,
When thou didst promise that thou would'st be mine.
Reade it; and so may thy sicknesse leave thee,
And paines, which also are a paine to me.
For why should thy ingenuous cheekes be spred,
As in *Diana's* Temple with blushing red.
Since to performe thy promise I do move thee,
And not loosely, but as a husband love thee.
For if those words thou would'st but call to mind,
Which I did write upon the Apples rinde;
And cast before thee, being read by thee,
In reading it thou didst promise to me,
Even that which I do now of thee desire,
My words and faith do not at once expire.

When

When *Diana* depriv'd thee first of health,
 I fear'd it ; Virgin think upon thy selfe.
 And now I feare the same, for now at length
 The flame of love in me hath gotten strength.
 My strong affection doth increase, and grow,
 Encourag'd by that hope which you did show.
 Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,
Diana is a witnesse to thy deed.
 For thou didst sweare by *Dian's* majestic,
Acontius I do meane to marry thee.
 And to these words which from thy mouth then went,
Diana bow'd in token of consent.
 If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me,
 The deceit came from love, my love from thee.
 Seeking thereby to thee to be united,
 That should win favour, wherewith thou art frighted.
 I'me not so crafty by nature or use,
 Thy beauty doth this craftinesse infuse.
 Ingenious love, and not my art first joynd
 Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.
 For love this cunning trick to me disclos'd,
 And words of marriage into lines compos'd.
 Yet let this act of mine deceitfull prove,
 If it be deceit to get what we love.
 And now I write, for favour I intreat,
 Complain of this, if this be a deceit.
 If loving thee, an injurie I do thee,
 Though thou forbid me, I will love and wooe thee.
 Some have by force their Sweet-hearts away brought,
 To write a Letter shall it be a fault ?
 Since that a Letter a new knot doth tye
 Of that promis'd love between thee and I.
 Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
 More kind, and I doe know that I shall take thee.

For albeit thou scape out of this net,
 Thou shalt not scape all those, which love can set.
 And if that gentle meanes, and art do faile,
 Then force against thy coineffe shall prevaile.
 I do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
 Or those who their desires by force have sought.
 And so will I: although that death should be
 His sad reward, that ventures to steale thee.
 Wert thou lesse faire, my suit would be more cold,
 But now thy beauteous face doth make me bold.
 My flame of love proceeds from thy faire eyes,
 Which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies,
 And from thy white neck, which thy brown haire graces,
 And from thy armes fit only for imbraces.
 Thy modest countenance also taketh me
 Where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
 Thy feet like Ivory are so pure and white,
 That *Thetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.
 I were happy, if I might praise the rest,
 Thy parts summ'd up together would be best.
 It is no wonder, since thou art so faire,
 If by thy owne words I did thee insnare.
 For if thou should'st confesse thy selfe to be
 Taken by my deceit, and treachery;
 Let me beare the envie of it, and blame,
 So that I may the fruits of love obtaine.
Achilles did by force faire *Briseis* take,
 Yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake.
 Find fault with what thou wilt and angry be,
 So that in anger I may enjoy thee.
 I that have mov'd your anger, will appease you,
 And if you give me leave, I'll strive to please you.
 For I will stand before you, and there weep,
 While my teares with my words due time shall keep.

And

And like some servant that correction feares,
 I'll hold my hands up, and beg with my teares.
 Assume your right, I'me a slave to your beauty,
 Be you my Mistresse, and teach me my duty.
 Although that you should strike me, and should teare
 In an imperious manner, my long haire;
 I'll suffer all, and only a fraid be,
 Lest you should hurt your hand with striking me.
 Thou needst not fetter me with iron chaines,
 " He serveth willingly whom love constraines.
 When thou hast satisfied thy wrath on me,
 Thou wilt then say ; how patient is he ?
 And noting my patience say, since I see
 That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
 I know thou dost condemne me in absence,
 And my good cause doth want a just defence.
 That only which I on the Apple writ
 Is my offence, yet love endited it.
 Besides, *Diana* should not mocked be,
 Keepe thy promise with her, though not with me.
 She saw thee blush, when as thou wert deceiv'd,
 And she did heare those words which thou didst reade.
 And who can be more violent than she,
 To those that doe prophane her majestie.
 Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,
 More fierce than was the Boare of *Calydon*.
 She made *Aetons* hounds their Master hunt,
 As he with them to chase wild beasts was wont.
 She did *Niebe* to a stone transforme
 Which in *Bithynia* stands, and seemes to mourne.
Cydippe, I dare not speak truth to thee,
 Lest my admonishment seeme false to be.
 Yet I must speake, her wrath inflicts on thee
 This sicknesse, when that thou should'st marri'd be.

From perjury shee'd have thee keep thy selfe,
 "By sickneste she would bring thy mind to health.
 And when to break thy vow, thou would'st begin,
 Shee keeps thee from committing of that sinne,
 Then do not thou *Diana* more incense,
 Shee may be brought to remit thy offence.
 That so thy feaver may not quite destroy
 Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.
 Preserve that beauty, which my love first bred,
 Where snowie whitenesse shaddoweth the red.
 May those would crosse our love, endure that pain,
 Which I while thou art sick do now sustain.
 I would not have thee sick, nor married be,
 I know not which of these would most grieve me.
 Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
 And that I did so cunningly deceive thee.
 For my mistress's perjury, ô punish me,
 Ye gods; from punishment let her be free.
 And sometimes I occasion take to go
 By the doore, that I may know how you do.
 And in a secret manner enquiring keep
 Of your maid, how you eat, and take your sleep;
 I would I had been a Physician bred,
 To feele thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
 And woe is me, that I must absent be,
 While that my rivall is perhaps with thee.
 He holds thy hand, and sits on thy beds side,
 Who is by all the gods, and me envy'd.
 And while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
 Thy white arme he doth often touch thereby.
 He handles thee, and then perhaps a kisse
 Rewards his service with too great a blisse.
 Who hath permitted thee to reape my crop?
 And take away the fruits of all my hope?

Her

Her selfe, and kisses thou must understand
 Are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.
 Take off thy hand, for she my owne shall be,
 Unlesse thou wilt commit Adultery.
 Some other Mayden chuse that yet is free,
 For of her Tenement I must Land-lord be.
 Thou mai'st beleeeve our covenants if not me,
 To shew they're firme, let her read them to thee.
 Therefore thou hast no right, I say to thee,
 Unto her mariage bed, 'tis kept for me.
 Though her Father to thee did her assigne,
 Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine.
 Her Father did betroth her unto thee,
 But she herselfe did give herselfe to me.
 He promis'd before men she should be thine,
 She promis'd before *Dian* she would be mine,
 He breakes his word, she violates her oath,
 And do'st thou doubt which is the worst of both?
 Lastly consider what the event may be,
 For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.
 In our contentions too much ods there are,
 Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy feare.
 Thy love is not so dangerous, but I,
 If I should suffer a repulse, must die.
 Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her,
 But it is I that now do deerely love her.
 Therefore in justice, that same love of thine
 Unto my love all title should resigne,
 Since for love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydippe why do I this letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
 Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.
 And for his sake this sicknesse lights on thee,
 May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.

For if thou wilt his fained love reject,
 And not love whom the goddesse doth not respect,
 Thou shalt then presently regaine thy health,
 When thou art well, I shall be well my selfe.
 Feare not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now;
 If to the goddesse thou wilt keep thy vow,
 "The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorne,
 "Unlesse we faithfully our vowes performef
 Yet some do lancing suffer for healths sake,
 And some for health do bitter porions take.
 But if thou keep thy selfe from perjurie,
 Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith, and me.
 Thy former fault may yet a pardon find,
 Through ignorance, or forgetfulnesse of mind.
 Thy sicknesse, and my words admonish thee,
 "For know the gods cannot deceived be.
 Yet should'st thou scape this sicknesse being a Maid,
 Being married thou wilt need *Diana's* ayd.
 Having heard thy promise she will aske thee,
 If I the father of thy burthen be.
 If thou do'st vow, yet she will not beleewe,
 If thou swear'st, she knowes 'tis but to deceive.
 For thee, not for thy selfe this care I take,
 And my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
 Let not thy Parents for thy sicknesse weep;
 Or why do'st thou in ignorance them keep?
 Though to thy Mother thou dost all relate,
Cydippe, thou need'st not to blush thereat,
 Tell her how I did first behold thy eyes,
 While thou did'st to *Diana* sacrifice.
 And at the first sight if thou marked'st me,
 I stood and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
 And while I wondring stood, my cloake off fell
 From my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell.

And

And after that an Apple I did fit,
 wherein most cunningly these words I writ.
 Which in *Diana's* presence read by thee,
 thou did'st bind thy selfe then to marry me.
 That she the Tenour of the words may know,
 as thou read'st them once, read them to her so.
 Then she will say forthwith, pray marry me
 him, whom the goddesse hath allotted thee.
 Since that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuse no other,
 for the goddesse will be to thee a mother.
 And tell her if she aske thee, who I am,
 The goddesse choice can be to thee no shame.
 In *Cæa* where *Corycian* Nymphs have,
 In *Parnassus* hill an old famous Cave,
 I was borne, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
 From no base Parentage I did descend.
 I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,
 And there is none whom I love more than thee.
 Had'st thou not sworn, yet thou need'st must like
 such a husband, and I such a wife would seek.
Diana in a dreame bid me to write
 These lines, and waking love bid me indite.
 And as Loves arrow now hath wounded me,
 Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.
 At once have pity on me, and thy selfe,
 At once thou mayst restore us both to health;
 Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaime
Diana's solemne sacrifice againe,
 I'll offer a golden Apple, and on it?
 These two Verses shall be most fauely writ.
Acontius this Apple offer'd to restifie,
 The gods the words writ in't did ratifie.
 Lest a longer Letter tire thee being weake,
 I have but one word more to write, or speake.

And

And in the usuall way as all can tell
I will conclude my letter here; Farewell.



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

WHEN Oedipus understood that offended Diana had inflicted this
Feaver on her, she condescended to *Acontius* desire against her
parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sicknesse. First she

answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud, lest she should be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as shee was in reading the words writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of that Apple, she conveys against *Acornutus*.

CYDIPPE TO ACORNIUS.

In silence I thy Letter read, for fear
 Lest unawares I by the gods should swear.
 I think, again thou would'st have cosen'd me,
 That I have promis'd my selfe to thee.
 Lead it, lest if I unkind should seem,
 I should have more offended been.
 Though to *Diana* I do incense offer,
 Yet she defends that wrong which thou did'st proffer.
 And if I may give credit unto thee,
 For thy sake she with sicknesse visits me.
 To *Hippolytus* she was not so kind,
 For at her hand more favour thou dost find.
 Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
 Though I have not long to live, I feare.
 I am sick, yet the causes of my grief,
 Physicians know not, nor can yeeld relief.
 How sick am I, while I these lines do write!
 Scarce can sit within my bed upright,
 Scarce lest any but my nurse should find,
 That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
 To visitants, while she the door doth keep,
 To give me time to write) she sayes I sleep.
 When this colour the matter cannot hide,
 Yet by sleeping too long truth be discrid.
 Some come, who to deny 'tis unfitting,
 She gives me then a fained signe by spitting.
 When I break off, and lest it should be spy'd,
 My trembling bosome the letter hide.

When

When they are gone, then I do write again,
Thus in the mid't of paines, I take great pain,
Which did'st thou deserve, I could undertake,
Then thou deserv'st I'll do more for thy sake.
For thy-sake, I this sicknesse doe sustain,
And for thy imposture thus punisht am,
And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
Hath hurt thy selfe, by yeelding thee delight.
If I had appear'd deformed unto thee,
No sicknesse had procur'd my miserie.
Praise is my ruine, and while you both wooe me
'Tis my owne beauty that doth thus undoe me.
And while both will not yeeld, both will be mine,
You hinder his desire, he hinders thine.
I am like a ship the wind drives amain
To Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.
My marriage day which my Parents would see
Is at hand, but a feaver troubleth me.
And while the thought of marriage doth me mock,
Death even at my door begins to knock.
Which though I am not guilty, makes me feare,
Some of the gods with me offended are.
Some think my sicknesse hath but casuall been,
Or the gods would not have me marry him.
And that thou may'st not think same doth detest thee,
For poysoning of my selfe they do suspect me,
The cause is hid, but yet my grieve lies open,
You do contend, but I with grieve am broken.
Tell me and do not unkindly reject me
What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me?
If such thy love be, love thy enemy,
But I intreate thee that thou would'st spare me.
What hope to obtaine my love canst thou cherish,
When thou do'st let me by a feaver perish?

If to *Diana* thou do'st pray in vain,
 Why do'st thou boast what thou canst not obtain?
 Either thou canst not *Diana* pacific;
 If thou canst, but are unmindfull of me,
 I would that I had *Delos* never knowne,
 At least, at that time had not to it gone.
 My ship unhappily did saile that day,
 And through the blew Seas cut her fatall way.
 Unluckily out of my house I did slip,
 When I did goe aboard my painted ship.
 Twice the winds to our sailes contrary were.
 Yet now I think on't the winds did stand faire;
 It was a faire wind that did drive me back,
 That my unhappy journey I might slack.
 Would it had been contrary to my mind,
 But 'tis folly to complaine 'gainst the wind.
 For famous *Delos* I desire to see,
 Me thought my ship sail'd slowly under me.
 I chid the Oares because that they did saile,
 And we thought they put out too little saile.
 Having pass'd *Tenos*, and *Andros*, the white
 Clifles of faire *Delos* came within my sight.
 And to the Ile I said; why do'st me shun?
 Do'st still stote in the Sea, 'las thou hast done!
 I landed when the Sun had run his course,
 And began to unyoak his purple horse.
 Next day when in the East they harnes'd were,
 My Mother bid me combe and dresse my haire,
 She gave me Rings, my haire with gold she drest,
 And put on me Apparell of the best.
 To the gods of the Island we did dispense
 Our gifts, and offered yellow frankincense.
 And while my Mother bedewing with bloud
 The smoaking Altar, sacrificing stood;

My

My carefull Nurse led me another way,
 While she, and I through sacred places stray.
 We walk about while we admired there
 The gifts of Kings, and Images there were,
 We admir'd *Apollo's* Altar, and the Tree
 That help'd *Latona* in child-deliverie.
 And all that had in *Delos* famous been,
 We saw, and more than yet hath mention'd been.
 And here *Acontius* thou did'st cast a look
 On me, conceiving I might be soon took.
 I return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
 Faire steps, and what place ought to be more safe?
 Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
 Which I was ready again to rehearse;
 My Nurse took't up, and wondring, wished me
 To read it, so I read thy treacherie:
 When to this word of marriage I came,
 I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame.
 And when my eyes had serv'd thy trun to read
 These lines, I looked downe, and hung my head.
 But yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
 To deceive a Maid is no victory.
 I stood not with my Axe, and buckler there,
 As *Penihesilea* did at *Troy* appeare.
 No gold belt from me thou did'st bear away,
 Like that was taken from *Hippolyta*.
 Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd
 By thy deceitfull words a harmlesse Maid?
 An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta*, and *Cydispe*:
 Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be.
 But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
 Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain;
 Why did'st thou not in honest sort come to me?
 And no: strive to deceive me, but to wooe me.

Why

Why did'st thou not by words thy worth expresse,
 To gain my love, while thou did'st love professe?
 Why did'st thou seek to compell, not perswade
 My love? by promises on thy part made.
 What doth my former oath now profit thee?
 Though I call'd *Diana* it to testifie.
 It is the mind that sweares, but my tongue went,
 And swore this oath, without my minds consent.
 "An oath should be took with a knowing mind,
 "Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.
 If willingly I promis'd unto thee
 Marriage, thou might'st then seek it now of me.
 But if those words I unawares did speak,
 Thou stand'st on words that are but vaine and weak.
 I did not swear, therefore thou canst not be,
 By reading those words, a husband to me.
 If such false oaths to bind effectuell were,
 To grow rich in short time thou need'st not feare.
 For all the Kings in the world may resigne
 Their right unto thee by reading a line.
 Thou art greater than *Diana* beleeve me,
 If in thy words so great a power there be.
 Yet though my oath, and thy love here I slight,
 And have strongly pleaded, my case is right.
 Yet I confesse I fear *Diana's* wrath,
 Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
 For as often, as I do intend to marry,
 I do fall sick, and so am forc'd to tarry.
 Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,
 And finding me sick, he went back again.
 And with his tired hand he scarce could light
 His Torch, or make it to burn cleer, and bright.
 Sometimes with powders he perfumes his haire,
 While he his yellow saffron roab doth weare.

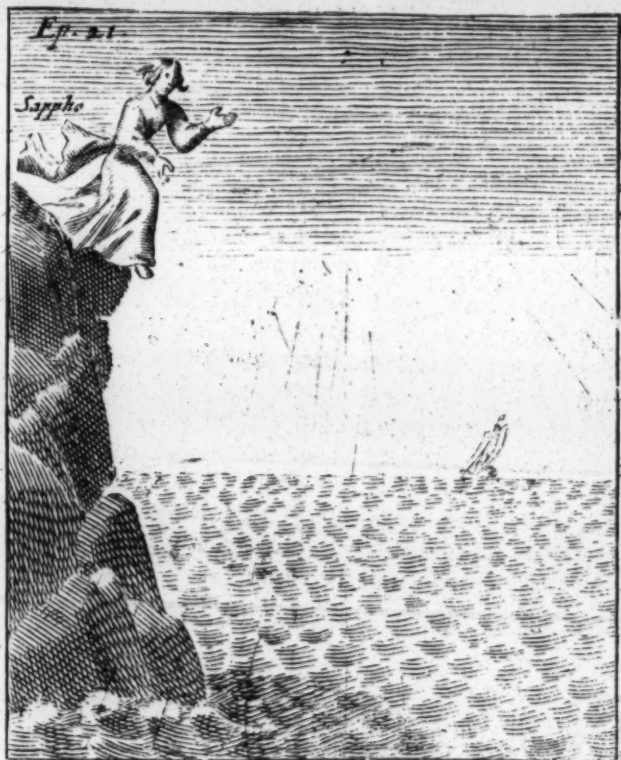
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But

But when unto my chamber he doth come,
 And beholds tears, and weeping, he is gone.
 He plucks the Garland from his shining haire,
 And teares the flowers in it placed were.
 Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
 That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
 While a hot feaver now tormenteth me,
 So that I think the bed-clothes heavie be.
 I see my parents for me weep and rage,
 Who am now neerer death then marriage.
 O *Dian* I that dost weare thy painted Quiver,
 Helpe me now by *Apollo's* skill thy brother.
 Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
 To thy disgrace, without thy helpe here die?
 When thou didst bathe thy selfe I ne're mistaked
 Like rash *Asteon*, who beheld thee naked.
 On thy altars I have often sacrific'd,
 Thy mother was not by my mother despis'd.
 This only was my fault, that I had read
 A purjur'd verse, and was there by deceiv'd.
 Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring
 To *Diana's* altar thy owne offering.
 If that the goddesse be offended with me,
 Then to be thine, why doth she hinder me?
 For if that she do take away my life,
 Thou canst not hope that I should by thy wife.
 He that should be my husband, doth not stand
 By my bed, and lift me up with his hand.
 He sits indeed on my bed side, but he
 Attempts no action of immodestie.
 And knowes not what to think of me at all,
 When without cause teares from my eyes do fall.
 He seldome doth a kisse to me impart,
 And with a fearfull voyce cals me Sweet-heart.

I wonder my disdain he hath not spy'd,
 For when he comes I turne on my left side.
 I will not speak, but sleep I counterfeite,
 And pull my hand back, when he would take it.
 Then does he fetch a deep sigh, because I
 Am offended with him, he knowes not why.
 When as in truth, if I should speak my mind,
 (Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure find)
 Thou dost deserve our anger, who didst set
 Thy cunning toyles, to catch me in thy net.
 Why dost thou write thou would'st faine visit me?
 Since in thy absence thou hast wounded me.
 Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found,
 Cause like an arrow thou far off dost wound.
 That wound is not yet healed which no dart,
 But these words I read, gave unto my heart.
 Why should'st thou come, and here behold me lie
 The wretched *Trophy* of thy victory?
 For now my bloudlesse colour doth quite faile,
 And I am like thy Apple wan, and pale.
 My white cheeks are not lightly stain'd with red,
 Like spotted marble newly polished.
 But like the colour of a silver Cup,
 When with cold water it is filled up.
 If thou saw'st me, I should not seem the same,
 As when by Art thou sought'st my love to gain.
 My promise thou would'st willingly remit,
 And aske the goddessse to be freed from it.
 And thou wilt send me then another line,
 That I may swear, that I shall ne're be thine.
 Yet prethee come, since thou desir'st the same,
 And see if thou canst know me now again.
 Though (*Acontius*) thy breast like Iron be,
 Thou would'st pray the goddessse to pardon me.

Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
To regain health what course I ought to follow.
And as fame doth report, he answered, I
Was punish'd for my infidelity.
And thus the gods in Oracle answer'd me,
Who to thy desires favourable be.
Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters
In the Apple writ make the gods thy debtors?
Since thou do'st rule the gods, thou must rule me,
And therefore willingly I yeeld to thee.
I told my Mother how I had betray'd
My selfe to thee, at which she was dismay'd.
You must contrive the rest, for I have done
Already, I feare, more then doth become
A Virgin, since in this Letter you see,
I freely do unfold my mind to thee.
Now my weake joynts are weary of enditing,
And my sick hand is tired with long writing.
So hoping that we shall together meet,
My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet.



The Argument of the one and twentieth Epistle.

Phaon being sometimes a Boatman, *Venus* came unto him, and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did, not knowing her to be a goddess, whereupon she gave him a Box of ointment, wherewith anoynting himselfe, he became so beautifull, that all the women in the Ile *Lesbos* were in love with him, and especially *Sappho* who did impatiently affect him. But when *Phaon* went to *Sicily*,

M 3

Sappho

Sappho put off the heat of her love, and sense of his disdain, desperately resolv'd to throw her selfe into the Sea, from *Lauress* a *Proman* *varie* of *Epiro*. But yet unconstant to her first resolve she endeavours by this Epistle to recall him back, and gaine his love of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to a dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly she useth all Arguments that might move him to pity, And in this Epistle *Ovid* hath most lively expressed the soft and amorous affections of love.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SOone as thou do'st behold my studious hand,
 Whence the Letter comes do'st thou understand?
 Or unlesse in it thou *Sapphoes* name read,
 Do'st thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
 Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write
 Since I in *Lyrick* numbers do delight.
 The weeping Elegie will fitting prove
 To sute unto our sad, and mournfull love.
 But in light *Lyricke* verses there appears
 No dolefull harmony, that may sute teares.
 For as a field of corne on fire, whose flame
 The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,
 Doth burne apace, being fanned by the wind,
 Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
 Though *Phaon* live neere *Aetna* far from me,
 My flames of love hotter than *Aetna* be.
 So that verses to my harpe I cannot set,
 "A quiet mind doth Verses best beget.
 The *Dryad's* do not helpe me at this time,
 Nor *Lesbian*, nor *Pierian* Muses nine.
 I hate *Amynthone*, and *Idnus* white,
 And *Athis* is not pleasant in my sight.
 And many others that were lov'd of me,
 But now I have plac'd all my love on thee.

Thy

Thy youthfull years to pleasures do invite,
 Thy tempting beauty hath betrai'd my sight.
 Take a Quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be;
 Take Hornes, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
Phæbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus*, *Ariadne*,
 Yet in the Lyrick verse no knowledge had she.
 But the *Muses* dictate unto me smooth rhymes,
 So that the world knowes my name and lines.
 Nor hath *Alceus* for the harp more praise,
 Though he by higher subjects gets his bayes.
 "If nature beauty unto me deny,
 "My wit the want of beauty doth supply.
 Though low of stature, yet my fame is tall,
 And high, for through the world 'tis known to all.
 Though for my beauty I have no renown,
Perseus lov'd *Cepheia*, that was brown.
 White Doves do often paire with spotted Doves,
 And the green Parret the black Turtle loves.
 If thou wilt have a Love as faire as thee,
 Thou must have none, for none so faire can be.
 Yet once my face did faire to thee appeare,
 And that my speech became me, thou didst sweare.
 And thou would'st kisse me while that I did sing,
 (For Lovers doe remember every thing)
 My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
 But specially when I did write of love;
 Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,
 With witty words, and with my amorous vain.
 But now the Maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
 Would I might *Lesbos* change for *Sicily*.
 But take heed *Megarensians* how you doe
 Receive this wanderer, lest you doe it rue.
 Left by his flattering tongue you be betrai'd,
 What he sayes to you, he hath to me said.

O *Venus* ! helpe me now in my distresse,
 Faire goddesse, favour now thy Poetesse.
 Will fortune alwayes be to me unkind ?
 And will she never change her froward mind ?
 For I knew sorrow soon, even when that I
 Was six yeares old, my father first did die.
 The love of a whore my brother o're came,
 On whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
 Being grown poor, then unto Sea he went,
 To get by piracie what he had spent.
 And because I did blame his courses, he
 My honest counsell scorn'd, and hated me.
 And as if these griefes were too light for me,
 You know that I have faulty been with thee.
 And of thee at last I must make complaint,
 Because that I thy company do want.
 In thy absence I do not dresse my haire,
 Nor on my fingers any rings do weare.
 A poor and homely weed I do assume,
Arabian myrrhe doth not my haire perfume.
 Though I did dresse my selfe for to please thee,
 Yet in thy absence why should I dresse me ?
 Nature hath given me a heart so soft,
 That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
 For I am still in love, and I do see,
 That I must alwayes thus in love still be.
 The farall sisters at my birth decreed
 To spin my life forth, with an amorous threed.
 Or else my studies are the cause of it,
Thalia hath given me a wanton wit.
 Nor can it in love seem so strange a case,
 That I should love thy young effeminate face.
 Lest *Aurora* should love thee I was afraid,
 And so she had, but *Cephalus* her staid.

If *Phæbe* should behold thee, she e're long
 Would love thee more, than her *Endymion*.
 And beauteous *Venus* long agoe had carried
 Thee unto heaven in her Ivory Cariot;
 But that the goddesse wisely did foresee,
 That *Mars* himselfe would fall in love with thee.
 Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
 For in thy youth thou hadst a Virgins face.
 Returne to me, thou sweetest flower of beauty,
 For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
 I do not here intreat thee to love me,
 But that thou wouldst permit me to love thee.
 And while I write, I weep even for thy sake,
 And all those blots thou seest, my tears did make.
 Though thou resolvedst to go, yet modestie
 Might have enforc'd thee, to take leave of me.
 At thy deparrure thou didst not kisse me,
 I fear'd not that I should forsaken be.
 I had no pledges of thy love, for I
 Have nothing of thine but thy injurie.
 This only charge I would have given to thee,
 That thou wouldst not be unmindfull of me.
 I swear unto thee, by this love of mine,
 And by my goddeses the *Muses* nine.
 When they did tell me, that thou hadst took ship,
 A long time I could neither speak, nor weep.
 My heart grew cold, my silent grief was dumb,
 Wanting both teares to vent it selfe, and tongue.
 But when my sorrowes I more lively felt,
 I toare my haire, my teares began to melt.
 So that to weep I presently begun,
 Like Mothers at the buriall of a son.
 My brother laught, and while that he did walk
 And strut by me, he thus began to talk,

Alas !

Alas! why does my loving sister grieve,
Thou hast no cause, thy daughter is alive.
Thus love and shame together ill agree,
For I had put off now all modestie.
And in such manner I abroad did rove,
That the people thereby discerned my love.
O *Phaon*, I do dreame of thee alwayes,
Dreames make the night more pleasant than the dayes.
Dreames make thee present though thou absent art,
But they weake shadowes of true joyes impart.
Sometimes I think that thou imbracest me,
And sometimes I think that I imbrace thee.
That thou dost kisse me, then I do beleeeve,
With such kisse: as thou didst use to give.
And sometimes in my dream to thee I speake,
As if my tongue and senses were awake.
I cannot tell the rest with modestie,
For me thinks I enjoy thy company.
But when the Sun doth rise, and breakes the day,
I am sad, because my dreames passe away.
I'me angry that my fancie is no stronger,
And that my pleasant dream should last no longer.
Then to the woods and caves I straightway hie,
Wherein I enjoyd thy sweet company.
As if the woods and caves could comfort me,
Since they witnesses of our pleasures be.
Like one were mad, or enchanted I flye,
While my haire doth o're my shoulders loose lye.
Me thinks the mossie caves do seem as faire,
As those which built of costly Marble are.
I love the wood, under whose leavie shade,
We oftentimes have both together laid,
But the wood seemes unpleasant unto me,
As if it mourned for thy company.

And

And I have often gone unto that place,
 Where we have laine together in the grasse;
 And laid me downe again, and with the showres
 Of teares have watered the smiling flowers.
 The leavelesse trees to mourne do begin,
 And all the sweet birds have left off to sing.
 Onely the Nightingale with mournfull song,
 In saddest notes bewailes her former wrong.
 She laments those sad wrongs she did sustain;
 Of thy forsaking me I do complain.
 If she sung not, nor I complain'd of thee,
 The wood more silent than the night would be?
 There is a Fountain that's as cleere as glasse,
 So that some thought a deity in it was;
 O're which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
 And soft green grasse even round about it growes.
 I being weary, by chance I lay downe here,
 And a *Nayad* which did to me appear,
 Standing before me thus to speake began,
 Because thou lov'st, and are not lov'd again;
 To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have ease,
 A promontory that o're-looks the Seas.
 Hence *Deucalion* for *Pyrrha's* love
 Did throw himselfe downe, and as it did prove,
 He had no hurt, but being drenched in
 These seas, his love to coole did straight begin.
 The vertue in this place remaines, make hast,
 And from this Rock thy selfe down quickly cast.
 Thus having said, she vanisht, and my feares
 Increast, my eyes did overflow with teares.
 Faire Nymph, I promise thee that I will go,
 Enrag'd with love unto that Rock you show.
 Perhaps the light aire in her armes will bear me,
 I can't be worse, then why should danger feare me?

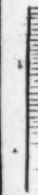
O love ! with thy wings let me by sustain'd,
 Lest for my death *Leucadian* seas be blam'd.
 Then unto *Phæbus*, I'll my Harpe resigno,
 And underneath it write this double line ;
Sappho, ô *Phæbus* offers unto thee,
 Her Harpe, which thou lov'st, and was lov'd by me.
 If *Phaon* to return to me would please,
 What need I goe to the *Aetean* Seas ?
 Thou canst do me more good, thee I will follow,
 Thy beauty is such, thou art my *Apollo*.
 Or canst thou harder then a hard Rock be,
 And to dye in my misery suffer me ?
 It were far better sure, that I should joyne,
 In close embraces, my faire breast with thine ;
 That breast, O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise,
 And which did seem so witty many wayes.
 Now I would fain be eloquent, but while
 I strive to write in a more elegant stile;
 My art doth faile, for grief my wit hath spent ;
 So that my Letter is not eloquent.
 My former veine of writing verse is done,
 My jocond Harpe is now growne mute and dumbe.
 Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs that marriage do desire,
 Ye Nymphs so called from the *Lesbyan* Lyre,
 Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs whose love advanc'd my fame,
 Come not to heare my Harpe, or *Lyrick* strain.
 For that sweet veine I had in former time,
 My *Phaon* took away, who is not mine.
 If you send him back, I should regain it,
 He is my *Genius*, that doth give me wit.
 But why with prayers seek I to perswade ?
 Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made ?
 No, it doth grow more stiffe, and I do find
 That all my words are but like empty wind.

But

But I do wish the winds would bring thee back:
Why to returne again, art thou so slack ?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why dost thou thus torment me with delay ?
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee
With a good voyage, and a faire wind lend thee.
Cupid to steere thy ship too will not faile,
And he will put out, and take in each saile.
But if thou forsake *Lesbian Sappho*, I
Have not deserv'd of thee such cruelty ;
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That my selfe into the Sea I will throw.

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Three Responsive Epistles of the
Poet Aulus Sabinus in answer to
 three of OVID'S Epistles.



The Argument of Sabinus first Epistle.

Ulysses having read *Penelope's* Epistle, answereth to all objections, and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly endured, *Troilus* and *Pallas* having instructed him in future events, he prophesieth

phecieth unto her that hee will come home to *Ithaca* in the habit of a begger. He comes home so disguised, that *Penelope's* wooers supposing him a begger offer him many affronts. But his son *Telemachus* and two servants helping him, he fell upon them, and slew them all. At last his Sonne *Telegonus*, whom he had by *Circe*, slew him with a poisoned Arrow.

U L Y S S E S to P E N E L O P E.

U Nfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,
 Receiv'd thy Letter deare *Penelope*.
 The sight of thy hand and seale, were to me
 A kind of comfort in my misery.
 Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
 In returning and comming to thee back.
 I had rather thou should'st esteem me slow,
 Then that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
 For thy love counterfeited my selfe mad.
 For such was then the force of my affection,
 That I did counterfeit a fain'd distraction,
 Thou would'st not have me write, but come away;
 I make hast, but crosse winds do make me stay.
Troy which the *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd.
 I am not there, for *Troy* is burnt, and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asius*, *Hector*, all slain are,
 And all the rest of whom thou stood'st in feare,
 I scap't the *Thracian* bands when I had slain
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd againe.
 And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I
 Did take the fatall palme of victory.
 I was in the Horse when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burne the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.

Barne

Burne it; for in this wooden-Horse quoth she,
 The cunning *Grecians* here inclosed be.
 Therefore if you do not this horse destroy,
 It shall be the destruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of sepulture did lack,
 Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back.
 The *Grecians* did my labour so regard,
 I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
 Yet I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd
 My Ships and all the company me follow'd.
 Only that constant love I owe to thee,
 Continues with me in adversity.
Scylla, and *Charybdis* could not cast away
 My love to thee, which still doth with me stay.
 Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
 And though the cunning *Syrens* me allur'd,
 And *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could not charme me.
 Thy love against their Sorceries did arme me.
 Both promis'd that they could immortall make
 Me, that I should not feare the *Strygian Lake*.
 For thy sake I their offer did withstand,
 And have suffer'd so much by sea and land.
 Perhaps when thou these womens names dost finde
 In my Letter, it will trouble thy minde.
 And of *Circe* and *Calypso* to heare,
 Perhaps thou wilt be struck into a feare.
 When I in thy Letter *Anconus* red,
Polybus and *Medon*, they my feare bred.
 Since thou so many youthfull Suiters hast,
 How could I thinke that thou remainest chaste.
 Could they delight in thy teare blubber'd face?
 Do not thy teares thy beauty yet debase?
 And it seemes thou hast given consent to marry.
 But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry;

For that which thou hast in the day time spun,
 Thou unweav'ft at night, so 'tis never done.
 Thy Art is good which doth successfull prove,
 To delude their purpose, delay their love.
 O *Polyphemus* ! I do wish that I
 Had dy'd in thy Cave free from misery,
 Would I had by the *Thracians* been flaine,
 When my ships unto *Imarus* first came.
 Would cruell *Pluto* then had satisfied
 His wrath on me, I would that I had dy'd,
 When I descended to the *Stygian Lake*,
 From whence in safety I returned back.
 For though in thy Letter no dread appeare,
 I saw my mothers thin ghost walking there.
 She told me how at home all matters be,
 And to shun my imbraces thrice fled me.
 I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning
 With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning.
 And his wife *Leodamia*, who did dye,
 That she might beare her husband company.
 I saw *Agamemnon* whose wounds bleeding were,
 So that the sight made me let fall a teare.
 He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
 The *Eubæan* Promontory, yet at last
 Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
 Even then when he to *Iove* did sacrifice.
 Thus *Helena* the *Grecians* ruine bred,
 While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.
 Besides, what profit was it unto me
Cassandra were captives and *Andromache*?
 I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife.
 Think not that with a whore I spend my life,
 For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
 But she out of her former shape did slip.

For into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,
 And her complaints were into barking turn'd.
Thetis grew angry at these Prodigies,
 And enrag'd *Æolus* made a storme to rise ; . .
 So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
 Which tempest round about the world did drive.
 But if *Tyresias* truly foretold me
 A prosperous fate after adversity ;
 Having endure so much by land and sea,
 I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
 Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
 And guides us in our journey amongst strangers:
 Since *Troys* destruction I have *Pallas* seen
 Of late, so that her anger spent doth seem.
 And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
 The Grecians now are punished for it.
 Nor was *Tydidēs* too excus'd from danger ;
 For he like us about the world doth wander.
 Nor *Tenecer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,
 Nor he that with a thousand ships did come,
Menelaus was happy, for having got
 His wife, he need feare no unhappy lot.
 Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
 Your love was not hindred by that delay.
 The winds nor waves did not hinder your blisse,
 But when you list you could embrace and kisse.
 And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
 No evill chance could then betide to me.
 But since *Telemachus* is well I hear,
 My present troubles I more lightly bear.
 I blame thy love in sending him to sea,
 Through *Sparte*, and in *Pylon* to seek me.
 I needs must blame thy love in doing it,
 While to the Sea thou didst my Sonne commit.

But fortune may at last yet prove my friend,
And all my troubles may have a faire end.
A Prophet told me, deere wife, we should meet,
And with embraces should each other greet.
But I will come disguis'd, so to be known
Unto no other but thy selfe alone.
In a beggers habit I'll disguis'd be,
Conceale thy joy, and knowledge then of me.
Ile shew no outward violence when I come.
For so *Apolles* Priest unto me sung.
But Ile revenge my selfe even at that time,
When thy wooers are banquetting with wine.
While beggers raiment doth *Vlysses* cover,
And then at last my selfe I will discover.
While at *Vlysses* they shall all admire,
That this day would come soon I do desire.
That we may both deer wife, renew our love,
And I to thee may a kind husband prove.



The Argument of Sabine's second Epistle.

Demopheon in this Epistle endeavors by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithfull neglect of returning to Phyllis according to his promise. Alleaging that his friends were offended with him for staying so long with her in Thrace, and also the inopportune unseasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever

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at length to return to *Phyllis*? He performed his promise, but *Phyllis* impatient of delay, had strangled herselfe before he came, and by the mercy of the gods was changed into a leaflesse Almond-tree: which *Demophoon* embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is saide, because *Phyllis* signifies in Greek an Almond-tree, so expressing the name of *Phyllis*. Because when *Zephyrus* or the West wind bloweth from *Africa* into *Thrace*, this Tree flourisheth, for *Zephyrus* signifieth as much as *Ζυγός* that is, The life-che-risher: which gave occasion to this fiction, That *Phyllis* transformed into a Tree, seemd to rejoyce, and flourish, at the returne of her Lover.

DEMOPHOON to PHYLLIS.

FROM his owne Country to *Phyllis* his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
 Even thy *Demophoon* that doth still love thee,
 My fortunes change, but not my constancy.
Theseus whose name thou hast no cause to feare,
 Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were,
Mnestheus drove out of his royall state,
 And the old Tyrant is now dead of late.
 He that the *Aimazons* had overcome,
 And unto *Hercules* was companion.
 He that did *Minos* son in law become,
 When he the *Minotaure* had overthrowne.
 He did accuse me because I did stay,
 Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*.
 For while the love of *Phyllis* did detain thee,
 And that a forraigne beauty did enflame thee,
 Time with animble pace did slip away;
 And sad accidents hapned by thy delay.
 Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,
 Or hadst thou made them void, when they were done.
 When thou didst *Phyllis* kingdome love, for she
 Then a whole kingdome was dearer to thee.

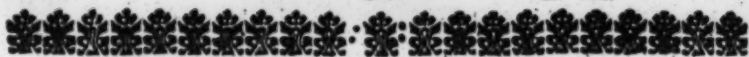
From

From *Athamas* I this same chiding have,
 And old *Æthra* who's halfe within her grave.
 Since *Theseus* is not there to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lies.
 I confesse they both to me often cry'd,
 When my ship did in *Thracian* waters ride.
 The winds stand faire *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Goe home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
 She loves thee, yet her home she not forsake.
 She desires not to beare thee company,
 But to return again entreateth thee.
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
 I thought I could not imbrace thee enough,
 And I was glad to see the sea grow rough.
 Before my father I will this confesse,
 "He that loves worthily may it professe.
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,
 If I do love thee, it no shame can be.
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,
 I prov'd unkind, when I did saile away.
 For when the day came that I must take ship,
 I wept, and comforted thee who did'st weep.
 Thou did'st grant me a ship of *Thracia*,
 While *Phyllis*'s love made me the time delay.
 Besides my father *Theseus* doth retaine
Ariadnes love and cherisheth that flame;
 When he looks towards heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in heaven shines.
 Though *Bacchus* to forsake her did command him,
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,
 Though *Phyllis* know not the cause of my stay.

This may assure thee I will come again,
 Because my brest doth burn with no new flame,
Phyllis hath not report to thee made known,
 What dismall troubles are sprung up at home?
 Since for my fathers death I a mourner am,
 Whose death includes more griefe then I can name.
 My brother *Hippolytus* deserves a teare,
 Whom his owne horses did in peeces teare,
 These fatall causes might excuse my stay,
 Yet after a while I will come away.
 I will but lay my Father in the grave,
 For 'tis fit he should worthy buriall have.
 Grant me but time and I will constant be.
 Thy Country yeelds most safety unto me.
 To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
 By land and sea, and pass'd through much danger.
Thrace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
 By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
 If that thy love to me remaine the same,
 Who in my royall Palace now do raigne.
 And art not angry with my Parents fate,
 Or with *Demophon* most unfortunate,
 Suppose that unto methou had'st been married
 When at the Siege of *Troy* ten yeares I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd,
 Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
 For she with witty Art, did alwaies weave
 An unthriving web, suiters to deceive.
 For she by night did it in peeces pull,
 Resolving the untwisted threds to wooll.
 Do'st feare the *Thracians* will not marry thee,
 Or wilt thou marry any one but mee?
 Hast thou a heart with any one to joyne
 Thy hand, unlesse thy hand do joyne with mine?

How

How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When a far off thou shalt my sailes perceive?
Thou wilt condemne thy selfe, and say alas!
I see *Demophoon* most faithfull was.
Demophoon is return'd, and for my sake
A dangerous voyage he by sea did make.
I that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
Have broke my faith, while I of him complained,
But *Phyllis* I had rather thou should'st marry,
Then that thou should'st some other way miscarry.
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
Thy selfe? the gods may heare when thou dost pray.
Though thou do'st blame me for inconstancy,
Adde not affliction to my misery.
Though *Theseus* *Ariadne* did forsake,
Where the wild beasts a prey of her might make;
Yet my desert hath not been such, that I
Should be accused of inconstancy.
This Letter may the winds without all faile
Bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my saile.
Perswade thy selfe I faine would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.



The Argument of Sabines third Epistle.

THIS responsive Epistle written by *Paris* is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of *Oenones* Epistle. *Paris* having violated the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying *Helen* first confesses to *Oenones* the injurie he had done her. Afterward excusing himselfe, he transferreth the blame on *Cupid*, whose power *Lovers* cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinated *Helen*

Helena to him unknown. But tis reported that *Oenone* did love *Paris* so deerly, that he being brought to her wounded by *Phyllogenes* with one of *Hercules* arrowes, she embraced his body, and enbalming it with reares, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in *Cebria* a *Trojan* City.

PARIS to OENONE.

Nymph, I confesse that I fit words do want
 To write an answer to thy just complaint.
 I seek for words, but yet I cannot find;
 Words, that may aptly suite unto my mind,
 I confesse against thee I have offended,
 Yet *Helens* love makes me I cannot mend it.
 I'le condemne my selfe, but what doth it availe?
 The power of love makes a bad cause prevaile.
 For though thou should'st condemne me, and my cause,
 Yet *Cupid* meanes to try me by his lawes.
 And if by his lawes we will judged be,
 It seemes another hath more right to me.
 Thou wert my first love I confesse in truth,
 And I marri'd thee in my flowre of youth.
 Of my father *Priam* I was not proud,
 As thou do'st write, but unto thee I bow'd.
 I did not think *Hector* should prove my brother,
 When thee and I did keep our flockes together.
 I knew not my mother *Queen Hecube*
 Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be.
 But love, I see, is not guided by reason,
 Consider with thy selfe at this same season,
 For thou complain'st that I have wronged thee,
 And yet thou writest that thou lov'st me.
 And though the *Satyres* and the *Fawnes* do move thee,
 Yet thou remainest constant still unto me.

Besides, this love is farall unto me,
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;
 Before that I had heard of *Helens* name,
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
 I have told all, unlesse it be that wound
 Of love which I have by her beauty found.
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
 To gain some helpe, I will both beg and sue.
 My life and death are both within thy hand,
 You have conquer'd me, I'm at your command.
 Yet I remember that when you heard me,
 Relate to you her dismall prophesie.
 While I did tell thee, thou did'st weep upon me,
 Wishing the gods would turne that sad fate from me.
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse
 When that *Oenone* doth *Paris* lose.
 Love blinded me, that I could not beleeeve thee,
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
 Love powerfull is, and when he list can turne
Love to a Bull, or to a Bird transforme.
 Such beauty all the world should not contraine,
 As *Helen*, who is borne to be my flame.
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape
 Did transforme himselte unto a Swans shape;
 And *Love* also descended from his Tower
 To court faire *Danae* in a golden showre.
 Somtimes himselte he to an Eagle turn'd,
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,
 Yet love of *Deianira* compel'd him.
 And he wore her light Petticoate, tis said,
 While his love with his Lions skin was clad.
 So I remember love compelled thee
 (The more's my fault) that thou preferredst me

Before

Before *Apollo's* love, and from him fled,
Because thou would'st possess my marriage bed,
Yet I excell'd not *Phæbus*, but the dart
Of Love did so enforce thy gentle heart.
Yet this may unto thee some comfort prove,
That she is no base Harlot whom I love,
For she whom I before thee do prefer
By birth is descended from *Jupiter*,
Yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
But tis her matchlesse beauty that doth take me.
O my *Oenone* ! I do wish it still,
I had not been on the *Idæan* Hill
A judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge,
And *Iuno*, because against them I did judge.
And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes.
She that can raise loves flame up in another,
She that rules *Cupid*, and is his owne Mother,
Yet she could not avoid her owne Sons shaft
And Bow, wherewith he woundeth others oft.
For *Vulcan* took faire *Venus* close in bed
With *Mars*, which by the Gods was witnessed.
And *Mars* again she afterward forsook,
And for her *Paramour* *Anchises* took.
For with *Anchises* she in love would be,
And did revenge his sloth in venerie.
If *Venus* thus did in affection rove.
Why may not she make *Paris* change his love ?
Menelaus with her faire face was took,
I lov'd her, before on her I did loök.
Though wars ensue, if I do her enjoy,
And a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy*;
I do not feare, the war is just and right,
If all the world should for her beautie fight.

Although

Although the armed *Grecians* ready be,
 To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.
 If thou hast any hope to change my mind,
 To use thy charmes why art thou not inclin'd?
 Since in *Apollo's* Arts thou art well seen,
 And to *Hecates* skill hast used been.
 Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining cleare,
 And make the Moon forsake her silver sphere;
 And by thy charms, while I did Oxen keep,
 Fierce Lyons gently walkt amongst the sheep.
 Thou did'st make *Xanthus*, and *Simoeis* flowe
 Unto their springs, and back again to goe.
 And charm'dst other Rivers, when thou did'st see,
 They thirsted after thy Virginity.
Oenone, let thy charmes effectuell prove,
 To change my affection, or quench thy love.



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